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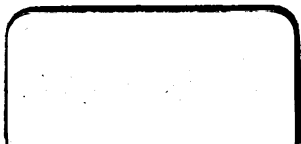
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D E M O C R A T S.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



A  
**BONE TO GNAW**

FOR THE  
**DEMOCRATS.**

By *PETER PORCUPINE;*

AUTHOR OF THE BLOODY BUOY, ETC. ETC.

Once more the snarling Democratic Crew,  
To discontent and mischief ever prone,  
Show us their fangs, and gums of crimson hue;  
Once more, to stop their mouths, I hurl a BONE.

---

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

**A R O D,**

FOR THE

**BACKS OF THE CRITICS;**

Containing an HISTORICAL SKETCH of the Present State of POLITICAL CRITICISM in Great Britain; as exemplified in the Conduct of the MONTHLY, CRITICAL, and ANALYTICAL REVIEWS, &c. &c. Interpersed with Anecdotes.

By *HUMPHREY HEDGEHOG.*

MELIUS NON TANGERE.

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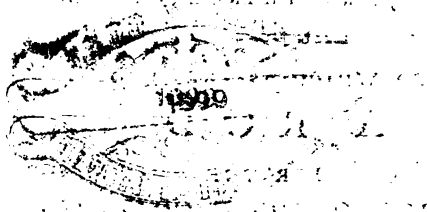
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1797.

NAME OF BOOK

REMARKS



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A  
R O D,  
FOR THE  
*BACKS OF THE CRITICS,*

PREPARED

By the Editor, by way of PREFACE,  
TO THE  
Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats.

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**T**HE same motives which induced the republication, in England, of "THE BLOODY BUOY," have led the same Editor to promote the circulation of another production of the same author. To impress the minds of his countrymen with a proper sense of the atrocities which have resulted from the propagation of Revolutionary Principles in France, he conceived to be the best means of averting the

dangers to be apprehended from the industrious diffusion of similar principles in England.

The horrors contained in "THE BLOODY BUOY" are, indeed, of so black a dye, as almost to justify the disbelief which has been expressed by many, of the reality of their existence; but it is essential to the cause of justice and humanity, to recal to the minds of the public, that these dreadful recitals are not the effusions of party-malice, are not the representations of the enemies of France, but ABSOLUTE FACTS faithfully extracted from AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS, supplied by the Gallic Republicans themselves, chiefly taken from the Formal Depositions, delivered upon OATH, of eye-witnesses, or indirect accomplices, of the criminal deeds which they describe; and the whole Democratic Junto of Advocates for the French in Great Britain,—for such degenerate wretches, I am sorry to say, exist—are hereby dared to impeach their authenticity. These facts are written in characters appropriate to

the Genius and Spirit of their legitimate parent, the Republic of France, the deformed offspring of Perjury, Plunder, and Assassination;—they are written in characters of BLOOD, which can never be effaced!

I before had occasion to observe\*, that the first production of PETER PORCUPINE, entitled “Observations on the Emigration of Dr. Joseph Priestley,” had been *reviewed*, or to speak more correctly, *reviled*, by some of the Minor Critics in this country, who, in order to discredit the work, made no scruple to assert, that it was written in England, and was, in fact, an imposition on the public. The author, however, has since avowed the publication †, and has reprinted it with a spirited introduc-

\* In my Preface to the “BLOODY BUOY,” THIRD EDITION, page vi.

† See the LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PETER PORCUPINE, written by Himself, page 34, &c.

tory Address, and some important Additions, tending to demonstrate the truth of those facts, which the Critics in question had the effrontery to represent as undeserving of credit.

If these men have any sense of decency, if they are impressed with a proper idea of the duty which they owe, in the first place, to an honest man whom they have calumniated, and, in the next, to the Public on whom they have imposed, they will hasten to retract the calumny which they have advanced, and to atone for their Injustice by an avowal of their Ignorance.

But I know them too well to expect from them any line of conduct connected with Principles of Integrity; I am no stranger to the supercilious disdain with which they insolently affect to treat all appeals to their Justice. I am no stranger to the inflated arrogance, the ridiculous Importance which they assume, when called upon to correct their errors and

misrepresentations. “ The Author is dissatisfied with our remarks, but we see no reason, from any thing which he has urged in opposition to them, to alter our opinion of his work.” Such is the insulting cant, which they almost invariably oppose to a positive conviction of Falshood.

It is no wonder that the first production of honest Peter, which tended to expose the grand leader of the Presbyterian Clan to the scorn and indignation of the honest and upright part of mankind, should subject him to the scurrilous invectives of that party in England who have long been labouring in the same vineyard with the Emigrant Doctor, and *charitably* exerting their utmost zeal to promote the success of the same *good* cause.

Accordingly, every subsequent publication of Peter's has experienced the most senseless and the most indiscriminate abuse from the Reviewers, who have, out of their great kind-

ness, taken upon themselves the trouble of directing the Literary and Political Taste of the Good People of Great Britain. It favours somewhat of cowardice, indeed, to attack an unfortunate author, who, living on the other side of the Atlantic, is deprived of all means of defence; at least, until the blow has had all the effect which the worthy Gentlemen who inflicted it, intended it should produce. But let them not be too confident of impunity; nor place too great a reliance on the Mask which they wear, nor on the distance at which their Adversary is placed. No, it shall never be said, that the man who had stood forward, in a manner so highly honourable to himself, in defence of Religion, Morality, and Good Order; who had successfully stemmed the polluted tide of Democracy, and upheld the Cause of Britons, against their false and inveterate foes, was left without a defender, in the country which gave him birth, to screen him from the shafts of malice, and the darts of distraction. The enemies of Peter shall find that he has friends endued with spirit and abi-



lity to vindicate his cause, and to retort on his dastardly assailants, the unmerited insults with which they honour him.

The managers of the "CRITICAL REVIEW," which might, with much greater propriety, be denominated "GEORGE ROBINSON'S MONTHLY ADVERTISER," in their account of Peter Porcupine's "Letter to the *In-famous* Tom Paine\*," ONLY quote the extracts it contains from their *Favourite Author*, Thomas himself; and then conclude with the following *impartial* remark. "The rest is a tissue of  
 " rant and scurrilous abuse, which would  
 " disgrace any other man in the world, except  
 " Peter Porcupine, whose works we have often  
 " had occasion to notice as the lowest effusions  
 " of party acrimony and malice."

Good Mr. Reviewer, if you did but possess a *tithe*-part (do not frown at the mention of

\* Critical Review for July 1797, page 353.

*tithe!*) of Peter's honesty, spirit, industry, and talent, you would be a better subject, a better critic, and a better man, than I am warranted, from your splenetic effusions, and false assertions, to believe you. Simply to retort the "party acrimony and malice" on yourself, would be treating you too gently ; you deserve a much severer chastisement.

The kind of language which you hold might be very proper, if you did not assume the Character of a *Critic*, but would content yourself with appearing what you really are, the *Hireling of a Jacobin*. But did it never occur to you, that the mere *ipse dixit* of an Anonymous Reviewer is *vox et præterea nihil*; that it is the duty of a Critic to *analyse* the work which he attempts to review; and to quote passages in support of any *opinion* which he may be pleased to form of it, in order that the Public, who are finally to determine between him and the Author, may be enabled to decide.

whether he has acted as an impartial judge, or as a venal calumniator ?

If, indeed, the band of Critics were composed of men, known and distinguished for their learning, their abilities, their integrity, and their principles, the Public might be disposed to abide by their decision, without enquiring into the merits of the case ; but where they remain unknown, and there is every reason to believe that they can boast of very few individuals of that description, how can they have the presumption to suppose that any kind of credit can be given to their unsupported assertion ? The supposition betrays a degree of arrogance that is intolerable ; displays a shameful ignorance of the duty, the *important* duty of a Critic\* ; and is a gross insult on the Common Sense of the Public.

\* The author of those spirited productions the *BAVIAD* and *MÆVIAD*, to whose well-directed exertions the nation is so much indebted for the suppression of folly, and the *consequent* correction of Public Taste, has, in a note to the last of these poems, given a very sensible and a very necessary ad-

But all these scandalous inconsistencies, this flagrant contempt of decency and decorum will cease to create surprise when we consider WHO and WHAT the generality of Critics are. They mostly consist of the worthy disciples of John Calvin; a moody\*, brooding, restless set of disappointed Presbyterians, inhe-

monition to the Reviewers, to which, it is more to be wished than expected that those Gentlemen would duly attend.

“ It is to be wished,”—says the Satyrift,—that the Reviewers, sensible of the influence their opinions necessarily have on the Public Taste, could divest themselves of their partialities, when they sit down, to the execution of, what, I hope,” (alas! vain hope!) “ they consider as their SOLEMN DUTY. We should not then find them recommending a work to favour deserving universal Re- probation and Contempt.”—Nor, the Bard might have added, devoting to universal reprobation and contempt, a work deserving of applause and encouragement.

See BAVIAD and MÆVIAD, *New Edition*, p. 75.

\* “ Every peevish, moody malecontent  
“ Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar.”

ROWE.

riting all that malignant inveteracy of John Knox, which led to the subversion of the state, and the murder of his lawful sovereign; and displaying the dark, gloomy spirit of the Roundheads of the last century, with all their hypocrisy, and more art than ever they possessed.

These men, enraged at the failure of their efforts to procure the repeal of that salutary law\* which acts as a safeguard both to our civil and religious establishments, which are so

\* " This is the great stumbling-block of the English Dissenters. What can there be in this *Test-Act*, that makes them so unhappy? Why it prevents them from obtaining—not *the Kingdom of Heaven*, but *lucrative employments*. Is it not amazing, that people, who are so very godly that they cannot conform to the established religion of the Country, should trouble themselves about places and pensions? They are continually telling us, that their kingdom is not of this world, and yet they want to reign. I think, however, it would be but right to grant them what Helvetius was willing to grant the Priests; every thing *above the tops of the Houses*." PETER PORCUPINE.

intimately blended with each other as to render their *separation* and *dissolution* synonymous terms; have long had it in contemplation to *undermine* the fabric which they have vainly endeavoured to take by storm. The writings of PRICE and PRIESTLY, the grand Champions of their party, having been ably and successfully opposed by some distinguished Members of the Established Church, and in particular, by the learned DOCTOR HORSLEY, who alike signalized his zeal and his talents in defence of those doctrines and those principles which were the objects of his Adversaries attacks; for which conduct, he is at this moment honoured with the fixed hatred of the whole SECT; recourse was had to more insidious manœuvres; to means less perceptible, but apparently more certain in their operations.

The most deep-laid, and, at the same time, the most daring scheme, which the spirit I have described, perhaps, ever projected, was now conceived. This was the publication of

a Dictionary of the English Language, on the grand scale of the Italian Dictionary of the Academy Della Crusca, in which all the words were to be illustrated by quotations from authors who enforced the political and religious opinions of the SECT ; so that, if this notable project had been carried into execution, the Youths of Great Britain, while employed in the Study of the English Language, would have imperceptibly, but infallibly, have imbibed the rankest spirit of Democracy and Presbyterianism.

Fortunately for the nation, the insidious design was detected by the active vigilance of a Society formed for the express purpose of preserving the morals and the principles of the rising generation from depravity and corruption. In this case exposure was tantamount to defeat ; the scheme was rendered abortive, and it became necessary to change their battery, and to employ less audacious, less decisive means.

But the vigilance of the Society to which I have adverted was not confined to the mere frustration of the project which first excited their attention. They knew the temper and spirit of the enemy which they had to encounter; they knew that disappointment and defeat would only stimulate them to additional efforts; they knew their perseverance to be equal to their malignity; they knew that though in their *labours* they resembled the *Mole*, in their views they resembled the *Eagle*. In consequence of this knowledge the Society wisely resolved to supply an *Antidote* for any poison which they might deem it expedient to administer in future, and, therefore, encouraged the establishment of THE BRITISH CRITIC.

It was high time, indeed, that some step should be taken for checking the progress of an evil which threatened our whole System of Polity with destruction. Before this period the SECT had acquired a vast accession of



strength from the events which had happened in France. In that devoted country, the proscription of the Nobility and the Clergy, the subversion of the *established* system of Government, and the destruction of the *established* Religion had afforded a glorious theme for exultation, and, what was deemed of much greater consequence, promised to operate most powerfully, as an *example*, on the minds of the people of this country.

A regular communication had been opened between the disaffected of both nations, and **Addresses** had been presented by the **British Patriots**, at once calculated to ensure the assistance of the Gallic Rebels in any place which might be selected for hoisting the Revolutionary Standard in Great Britain, and to *sound* the dispositions of such part of their own Countrymen whose sentiments on the subject of *Reform*, or, in plain English, *Rebellion*, they had had no opportunity of ascertaining.

With a view to forward the general plan, an interchange of Emissaries had taken place, and itinerant patriots of the respective countries set out, the one, like zealous Missionaries, intent on the mighty business of Conversion; the other, like pious pilgrims, to drink of the pure stream of Democracy at the fountain-head. The deposition of a benevolent Monarch, and the consequent establishment of a Republic, amidst a scene of massacre and carnage, such as no civilized country, Christian or Pagan, had ever before exhibited, were the *alluring* circumstances that called, in a more peculiar manner, for the hearty and *heart-felt* congratulations of the British *Round-heads* to their worthy Brethren at Paris. Elate with the success of this glorious plan, they anticipated a similar *festival* on their native soil. They hoped to repeat, and with more fatal effect, the blow which their Emigrated Chief, Dr. Priestley, acknowledged to have aimed at the *Church of England*; they rioted by anticipation, in the “*fall* of that Hierar-

chy, equally the bane of *Christianity and rational Liberty*," which the Doctor had predicted in his address to his pupils in the Nursery of Disaffection at Hackney ; they enjoyed, with a savage fury peculiar to the SECT, the hoped-for repetition of that tragedy which was exhibited in France on the twenty first of January, 1793 ; a memorable day, still celebrated, by legislative authority, in the *virtuous* Republic of France, and, from patriotic enthusiasm, by the *moderate* Reformers of England.

Their joy, however, had experienced a temporary interruption from the establishment of the Loyal Associations whose vigilance and activity were employed to expose the views and to thwart the machinations of the SECT : and this wise measure, together with the publication of the Prospectus for the BRITISH CRITIC, staggered them not a little, and soon after stimulated them to the exertion of that wily prudence which they are

known to possess in so eminent a degree, and to the adoption of a system correspondent therewith. The grand engine on which they placed the greatest reliance for ensuring success to their schemes; was, as I have before observed the PRESS; the immense importance of which had been too fatally exemplified in their favourite land of anarchy, FRANCE; where it had destroyed the Throne, the Altar, the Laws of the State, and the Morals of the People. To say nothing of their Political Catechisms or Manuels of Rebellion, they had, at this period, the absolute command of, at least, three-fourths of the periodical publications, and of all the regular Reviews; so that their influence was truly formidable, and; had their great *Lexicographical* System of Democracy appeared without detection, it is not possible to say what effect that influence might have produced.

Independently of the positive advantage which resulted to the cause of Truth and

Virtue, from the publication of the *British Critic*, another benefit, merely temporary indeed, was derived from its appearance, which had not been expected; for it occasioned an alteration in the language and spirit of the most distinguished Advocate and Agent for the opposite cause, the *Monthly Review*, that astonished all who observed it. The fact is, that the change was not imputable to any newly-acquired moderation in its Conductors; but solely proceeded from motives of worldly interest. For the *circulation* of the *Review* was soon found to be materially affected by the competition it had to encounter; and it was *therefore* deemed expedient to adopt a new tone, or at least, so far to moderate the old one, as to render it more conformable to what was now found to be the taste and principles of no very inconsiderable part of their readers. But no sooner had the diminution of the sale reached that point beyond which experience sanctioned the belief that it would not proceed, than the *Mask*, which, for the short time it had been worn,

fat extremely uneasy, was thrown aside, and has never since been assumed.

To trace the SECT through all the sinuous paths, through all the dark labyrinths of their gloomy policy, would require a much greater space than it is possible to allot to the subject in the narrow compass of a Preface. Some future opportunity may, probably, be afforded for discussing it more at large ; but I must now necessarily confine myself to a few prominent features and general observations.

The SECT, ever intent on the same object, think no means that can facilitate its attainment ought to be neglected : Hence, though generally professing sentiments of piety and devotion bordering on enthusiasm, and assuming an external appearance of humility and decorum\*, they have made no scruple to asso-

Next stood hypocrisy with holy leer,  
Soft smiling and demurely looking down.  
But hid the dagger underneath the Gown.

DRYDEN.

ciate with a set of profligates, in principle and in conduct, who scoff alike at religion and morality, and openly *violate* all laws human and divine. They have not unfrequently thrust forward these profligates to public view, in the hope that they would be considered as *Principals*, when, in fact, they were nothing more than puppets secretly set in motion by the SECT.

It will easily be supposed that they cherished a mortal hatred—a sentiment, by the bye, the most congenial to their bosoms, and ever nourished there like the sacred fire—against the original founders of those Loyal Associations which I have mentioned before as having contributed, for a while, to damp their spirits; if not to slacken their zeal. Revenge, the legitimate offspring of malignity and hatred, was accordingly resolved on, but in what manner, and on what individuals to inflict it, was a Question, the solution of which must depend upon circumstances.

An event, however, soon occurred, which fixed their wavering minds, on this important point, and afforded them the means of gratification. A Pamphlet was ushered to the world, under the title of “ THOUGHTS ON THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT, *addressed to the QUIET GOOD SENSE of the People of England.*” The title itself sufficed to excite an immediate alarm in the minds of the SECT; they had no objection to *Thoughts on the English Government à leur manière*; but the bare idea of calling into play the *Quiet Good Sense* of the People, was so contrary to all *their* notions of appeals to the Nation, was so immediately destructive of “ *The Holy Right of Insurrection,*” on the due exercise of which all their hopes of success were founded, that the book instantaneously became an object of their inveterate rage, and determined hostility.

But how was that rage augmented, how was that hostility increased, when they heard it whispered abroad that the Author of the



work was no other than Mr. Reeves, the very founder of the Loyal Associations! Nor did the *contents* of the publication tend, in the smallest degree, to sooth their animosity, or to appease their anger; for, on turning over its pages, they discovered a most hideous portrait, depicted in all its native deformity—in short, they saw a striking likeness of—*themselves*—quasi in speculum;—the whole genealogy drawn with a masterly pencil.

This sight excited a mixed sensation in their minds—compounded of *Fury* and *Exultation*;—Fury, at the repeated attacks which they had received from the same quarter, and Exultation at the prospect of revenge which the work in question afforded them. Their first care was to analyze it, and, after a careful separation of its parts, they flattered themselves that they had found some materials which would answer their purpose. But it was impossible to stand forward, in *propriis personis*, (though there was something highly flattering

to them, in the idea of appearing as *Public Accusers*,) for their *object* would be manifest to the whole world. They, therefore, wisely resolved to have recourse to one of those characters with which, as I have already remarked, they occasionally associate, and to render him the *Puppet* of the Day. Indeed it would have been too ridiculous and too dangerous, for *them* to have declared themselves the Champions of the Constitution in opposition to one, their hatred to whom had notoriously originated in his *defence* of that very Constitution against their incessant and desperate attacks, both open and concealed.

They displayed, it must be acknowledged, infinite sagacity in the choice of an instrument. The man on whom they fixed their eyes could never be suspected of harbouring any *design*, good, bad, or indifferent; he was a kind of non-descript, who, if he had not, by some accident or other, been led to enlist himself as a *private* in the bands of Opposi-

tion, would have remained without any fixed character, and probably have passed through life—*had he continued in Parliament*—unnnoticed and unknown. He never had exhibited himself to public view but once, on the memorable night when Mr. Ireland's Vortigern made its appearance on his Friend's theatre, when he exhibited his squalid figure to the Audience in a box *below* the Stage, and attracted their notice by endeavouring like "a perturbed spirit" to excite a tumult and confusion in the realms above:

The discussion which took place in the House of Commons, in consequence of the denunciation of the obnoxious pamphlet by this *illustrious* Senator, is too recent in the minds of the public to justify any detail of it in this place; yet the circumstances attending it were too extraordinary to be passed wholly without notice.

I shall not bestow a comment upon the abuse, the scurrilous, the cowardly abuse, which, on this occasion, was lavishly bestowed by men, who had the honour to be representatives of the people of Great Britain;—language, scarcely exceeded in virulence and scurrility by the *Critical Reviewers*, and which might, without an hyperbole, be denominated *Billingsgate*, was employed without a blush, by different Members of the House; after the business had been very *aptly* ushered in by one of them, who had been just defending Citizen Lee, a man who publickly preached *Regicide* and *Rebellion*, and the whole corresponding crew, the rest of the pack followed. The supposed author was modestly stated by the *Adonis* of the party, a retailer of quirks, quibbles, and paltry jokes, as a *hireling of Administration*.—Mr. Fox condescended to repeat the calumny,—the *party buffoon* joined in the cry, and very few of the ministry suffered the opportunity to pass without bestowing some

gross invective equally disgraceful to themselves and to the House.

But to quit a subject so disgusting, and return to the substance of the case, I must observe, that the charge preferred by the House of Commons exhibited, in its very nature, a gross violation of justice. It was formed of detached parts of different sentences, which, separated from the passages which followed them, bore a different meaning from that which they evidently displayed, when taken together. Thus, if we state that “ The king-ly Government may go on in *all its functions without Lords and Commons,*” we state an abstract fact ; but when we describe *how* it may go on, we give a *character* to the fact, which renders it either noxious or innoxious, as thus — “ *It has heretofore done so for years together, and in our times it does so during every recess of Parliament.*”

No man upon earth who reads these two parts of the same sentence together could possibly descry in them, if he had common sense and common honesty, any thing more than a statement of a plain fact; viz.—that the government would *go on* without the Lords or Commons, in *the same manner* as it goes on during a recess, or after a dissolution, of parliament. And yet this constituted the substance of the charge preferred by the House; for the passage I have quoted is, in fact, an illustration of the famous metaphor of the *Tree*, which gave such mortal offence to many *virtuous* individuals. The subject has since been very amply and ably discussed, and I believe few persons would now be found to support the opinion advanced by the majority of *that* House of Commons. At least none have dared to take up the gauntlet and enter the field of controversy. Men can and will *speak* who cannot or will not *write*; “Words,” Dean Swift says, “are but wind;”—but, *Litera scripta manet*.

It appears to me, that the first questions which must naturally have suggested themselves to every man's mind, on hearing the pamphlet ascribed to Mr. REEVES, were these. WHO and WHAT is Mr. REEVES? Is he a person connected with any of the Seditious Societies? Has he been known to associate with those who have carried on a traiterous correspondence with the Jacobin-Clubs in France? Has he ever attempted to encourage or exculpate the foreign or domestic Enemies of his Country? Has he ever deplored the fate of convicted felons? Has his pen ever been employed in the service of Faction in attempts to overturn the established Institutions of the Kingdom? If it could be proved that he had been previously guilty of all, or any of these practices, the presumption would have been evidently against him, and the members would have been justified in suspecting the purity of his intentions, and in giving the most unfavourable construction to every doubtful passage in his book. But when the re-

verse of all this was notoriously the case ; when the supposed Author was known to be enthusiastically attached to the Constitution of the Country ; and to have studied her laws with such peculiar attention and success as to have composed a complete History of them, “ *a work,*” to use the words of a Noble Earl, “ *which evinced the powers of his mind, and was highly spoken of and esteemed by every Lawyer both on the Bench and at the Bar ;*—when he was known to have stood forward, at the most critical period which this Country had witnessed for a century, as a *Volunteer* in her service ; to have *Associated* in her defence all the honest and upright part of the Community ; to have raised the Shield of the *Law* against the Assaults of her numerous and desperate foes ; to have become the Champion of her religious and political System, assailed as it was, on all sides, by Republicans and Levelers, by Traitors and Infidels ; when all this, I say, was notorious, it becomes impossible to reconcile the Proceedings of the House



to any known principles of human action, to any acknowledged rules of human conduct.

In the course of the Debate on this subject, a shameful contempt of Truth and Decency was exhibited by different individuals; attempts were ascribed to the Author, as foreign from *his* mind, as were all principles of moral rectitude, all sentiments of virtue, all feelings of honour, from the minds of some who preferred the false, the base, the injurious imputation: The very book itself which lay upon the table, belied the assertions that were made respecting its contents—But I will quit the disgusting subject; dark, dark Ingratitude is a vice abhorrent to my soul, and whether displayed by an Individual or a Nation it shall ever incur my most decided execration. A tract published by a Clergyman of the name of BRAND, who seems to be a shrewd, sensible man, though his style is harsh, unpolished and uncouth, contains a full proof

of all that I have advanced, on “ The Quiet Good Sense of the People.”

I have said, that it is impossible to reconcile the conduct of the HOUSE on this occasion, to any known principles of human action; but it must be observed, that I here speak of the House in the aggregate; I do not apply the remark to *all* the Individuals of which it was composed. Because nothing could be more obvious than the motives which influenced all those members who acted in conjunction with the SECT. The Chairman of the Loyal Associations had long been a *marked man* with them; and so that they could injure him in the public mind, no matter by what means, their gratification would be complete; besides, if they could succeed in depriving him of the public confidence, the Spirit of Loyalty, they conceived, might be damped in the Country, and people be deterred from associating in future to repel any attacks which they might

deem it expedient to make upon the Constitution.

But the Conduct of the MINISTER cannot be referred to any such motives. In whatever point of view it is considered, it must appear almost inexplicable : Nor can the utmost ingenuity descry more than *one* source whence it could originate. It is *possible* that he might consider the denunciation of the Pamphlet as a manœuvre on the part of his adversaries, calculated to lead him to sanction principles, which, by the aid of their sophistry, might be represented as incompatible with his general professions, and repugnant to that love for the Constitution which he had ever proclaimed ; and that, *therefore*, he rather chose to adopt a line of conduct which his judgment disavowed, than to afford his enemies a pretext for depriving him of any portion of the popularity which he enjoyed. But this was a mean unworthy motive, disgraceful to that comprehensive and energetic mind which, occasionally,

shines forth in all its native splendor, rising above the limited conceptions of inferior souls, and displaying a fund of intuitive wisdom, that seems expressly calculated for directing the Councils of a mighty Empire. He should have disdained to have recourse to Artifice, where he might have nobly conquered by Reason. To sacrifice a Friend in order to disappoint an Enemy, is the lowest resource of a *common* mind. Mr. PITT must have felt the weakness of his own arguments and have secretly blushed at the triumph which he had openly obtained. When opposed to the able, and decisive reasoning of Mr. WINDHAM, how weak, how inefficient did those Arguments appear. But thus it is, and thus it ever will be, when *he* stoops to *crawl*, who has the ability to *soar*. The very Members of Opposition who commended his Speech in the House, afterwards reviled him for his meanness in forsaking a man who had every claim to his protection. The Fact does them no

honour, but it aptly characterizes the spirit of the transaction.

That neither party was actuated by that zeal for the Constitution which both of them so vehemently proclaimed, will appear evident from one singular circumstance. The very ground which the Minister took in the debate ; the very basis of the censure which he cast on the publication was its tendency to give an undue preponderance to one Branch of the Legislature over the other two. He expressly said that “ each of the three Branches which “ constituted the mixed monarchy of this “ country was equally essential,” and that, “ *to point out one branch of the Constitution as “ LESS IMPORTANT than the others was without “ all doubt criminal.*” In this principle the House acquiesced, and suffered it to influence their decision.—In order to put their sincerity to the test, an extract was taken from the work of a contemporary writer, in which it was directly stated, that the House of Commons was

the *most important* branch of the Constitution ; consequently the three branches could not be *equally essential*, the other two must be less *important*. It was impossible to adduce a case more directly in point, and yet, though this was urged, I believe, personally to every Member, on both sides of the House, who had taken a part in the Debate on the Pamphlet, not one of them had the decency to notice it. The Opposition had no wish to persecute a man who was not a member of any Loyal Association ; and the Minister did not chuse to punish an Individual, who, for his services in the Jacobin Clubs at Bruxelles and Paris had been rewarded with a—Pension !!!

It was curious to observe the conduct of the *Critics* on this occasion ; though on all the grand Questions which had been decided in Parliament on the subject of the War, they commented with the utmost freedom whenever they appeared before them in the form of a Pamphlet or a Volume, and almost in-

variably reversed the sentence pronounced by the Legislature; yet when they came to review "The Quiet Good Sense of the People," they suddenly displayed the most servile obsequiousness to the House of Commons, and had the effrontery to declare, *that* their decision on the work superseded the necessity of Criticism.

All the Public Prints were equally abject; not one of them had the courage to do common justice to a man, whose public services, many of them, but a few months before, had been careful to proclaim to the world. But that man neither wanted the Critical aid of the one nor the barren commendations of the other. He had the *mens conscia recti*, and the warm though silent approbation of the virtuous part of society, to bear him up against the malignant invectives, the cowardly attacks, and the stupid animadversions of which he was the object in the House; and the scandalous neglect, the ungenerous abandonment,

which he experienced *out* of the House. He had a source of consolation within himself of which those who abused him were destitute ; for unless the voice of friendship be deceitful as that of the Syren, and men, whose veracity on all other topics is unquestionable, should, on this subject alone, be guilty of the grossest violation of truth, he possesses a mind richly stored with classical and useful knowledge, and possessed of those moral and social qualities which dignify human nature, and endear man to man.

A satirical Bard has not scrupled to say, that the fate of Mr. REEVES will deter others from *Volunteer Effusions* in the service of Government ; but the satirist is mistaken, and his remark betrays an ignorance of the human mind ; for those who stand forward as *Volunteers* in a Cause which they know to be just, are the very men who will treat with contempt such conduct as Mr. REEVES has experienced ; since, acting upon *principle*, and



having for their object, not the service of Government, but the Good of the Country; they will not suffer their exertions to be relaxed, either by the sneers of the Weak, or the scoffs of the Wicked; by the desertion of Friends, or the assaults of Enemies.—So much for Mr. REEVES:—let his adversaries, if they dare, revive the contest; they shall be  
*met.*

Meanwhile the SECT were disappointed, for the Cause was ultimately submitted to the decision of a Jury, notwithstanding the deprecation of that constitutional mode of proceeding by Mr. Fox and his Associates, who only praise it when it tends to the escape of *Traitors*; and that Jury, notwithstanding the strong speech of the ATTORNEY GENERAL, and notwithstanding the efforts of one rank Presbyterian, who evinced much indecent disgust, and much indecorous behaviour, when the Pamphlet which marked the SECT, was read in Court, —ACQUITTED the Prisoner.

No leading event has since occurred to afford them an opportunity for any signal exertion ; so that they have continued to promote their ends by their usual means. To corrupt the minds of the rising generation is of course a grand object with them : hence they have established a great number of seminaries for Education, both Public and Private, where books appropriate to their designs are introduced, and their youthful Pupils gradually prepared for the work of Regeneration. At one of these seminaries, not a hundred miles from the *ci-devant* College of Disaffection, the master put into the hands of his Boys, Paine's " RIGHTS OF MAN," which he no doubt accompanied with suitable comments.

Parents cannot be too careful in investigating the principles of a man whom they trust with the important charge of forming the minds of their children ; a neglect of this essential duty may tend more to encourage the

growth of Democracy, and all its accursed concomitants, than even the writings of the Disaffected; for these last, being public, are open to exposure; whereas the evil resulting from the former, being slow, and almost imperceptible in its operations, is peculiarly calculated to escape detection, at least until it be too late for the application of the remedy.— It is a melancholy truth that even the minds of some members of the Established Church, who preside over Public Schools, are infected with these mischievous Principles; the Head Master of one of the first seminaries in the kingdom is, unhappily, included in this description. So dangerous an *Auxiliary* should be carefully guarded against.

Another Hot-bed of Disloyalty is to be found in our Inns of Court:—It forms a part of the grand plan to bring up the youths, who have imbibed the first rudiments of Democracy, at the Seminaries above noticed, to the Bar, where it is supposed—a supposition evidently

founded on the example of France—that they will have a better opportunity for disseminating their Principles, than in any other Profession. And such is the scandalous neglect of the Benchers, whose Duty it is to exclude all improper Candidates from their Society, that no difficulty in obtaining admission is experienced. Nay, to such an alarming height is this criminal inattention carried, that no longer ago than last year, a person was admitted to the Bar, who had been examined before the Privy Council on a Charge of High Treason. The Barristers on the Circuit very properly started objections to their new comrade, and it was for some time a question with them, whether or not they should receive him into their company; but this difficulty was, at length, removed, by the information conveyed to them that the object of their just suspicions had, *mirabile dictu!* been honoured by the recommendation of one of the first Law Officers of the Crown!!!—Happy should I be, could I raise a doubt as to the truth of this

singular anecdote; but, alas! I fear it admits not of a doubt.

But to return to that grand instrument upon which they place their chief reliance—The Press.—They have the command of *three* out of the *four* regular Reviews, which are now printed; the *Monthly*, the *Critical*, and the *Analytical*;—of *seven* Daily Papers, The *Morning Chronicle*, the *Gazetteer*, the *Morning Post*, the *Courier*, the *Star*, the *Express*, and the *Evening Chronicle*; besides two weekly papers, and one that is published twice a week;—of various Magazines; and of the *New Annual Register*. These constitute their regular forces, in addition to which they have a constant supply of light Armed Troops, in the shape of Hand-bills, Pamphlets, and detached Volumes: to say nothing of their Auxiliaries in the Provinces, known by the Appellation of *Country-Papers*.

A Complete History of the numerous publications, and of the persons, by whom they

are conducted, would form a voluminous work. But a few observations on some of the leading prints will suffice for the *present* purpose.

Whoever will take the trouble to peruse the Reviews since the momentous period of the French Revolution, will easily discover that their invariable object has been to afford all possible encouragement to those principles which are immediately subversive of the civil and religious establishment of Great Britain. Some have advanced with more caution and circumspection than others, but they have all looked forward to the same end. Their managers, either ignorant or forgetful of the duty of Critics, have not hesitated to appear as Parties in the Field of Controversy; and, instead of detecting the Errors, or disclosing the Beauties of the different productions submitted to their judgment, have, with astonishing effrontery, obtruded *their own* opinions on the Public, and censured or approved, with-

out discrimination or proof, just as the contents of the work have been repugnant or consonant to those opinions. In the Review of Miscellaneous Productions much ability and impartiality will occasionally be found; but when Religion or Politics form the subject of their Criticism, the cloven-foot of Presbyterianism and Democracy invariably appears.

Of these three "Evil Spirits," the *Monthly Review* has in general exhibited the greatest display of talent; though of late, it has become truly contemptible, and the lack of ability which it has evinced has only been equalled by its superabundance of Abuse. Some few exceptions, indeed, occur to this remark; because we have, now and then, described the labours of a Writer who unites with a well-cultivated mind, a large portion of Genius, and the taste and manners of a *Gentleman* properly so called. This writer, Mr. MACHINTOSH, is said to have retracted the principles which he had advanced, at an early

period of the Revolution in his *Vindiciæ Galli-  
cæ*, and to have frequently expressed his con-  
cern for the publication of that book ; but he  
is still closely linked with the Opposition, who  
consider him as *their own*. He has certainly  
received more praise than he deserved for his  
Critique on Mr. BURKE's last production :  
If closely analyzed, that Critique will be found  
to contain inconsistencies ; in point of argu-  
ment and style, the last part of it is greatly in-  
ferior to the first, and the conclusions drawn  
are by no means supported by the premises  
advanced. Still it is far superior to any of the  
other articles which constitute the contents  
of the work in question.

I cannot give credit to the report which has  
been lately circulated respecting this writer.  
He paid a visit to Mr. BURKE but a short  
time before the death of that Gentleman, who  
received him with that generous warmth  
of soul which he is known to have displayed  
to all who had any, the smallest claims, on his



friendship. On his return, however, from the hospitable mansion at Beaconsfield, the British Tusculum, Mr. Mackintosh is reported to have made the reception he experienced, a subject for ridicule. Such conduct is so monstrous as to excite the indignation of every feeling bosom;—to return scoffs for liberality, gibes for respect!—It cannot be; Mr. MACKINTOSH has been calumniated;—the man whose enthusiastic nature could lead him, when warmed with the generous juice of the vine—and, *in vino veritas*—to offer adoration, on his knees, at the shrine of Genius, and even to make the very stones in the street witness the ardour of his zeal, could never treat with contempt the Enthusiasm displayed by the object of his admiration, nor display Insult, where Honour called for Gratitude!—It is a libel on Human Nature.

But to return from this digression; the Political Department of the MONTHLY Review is now consigned chiefly to the care of a

*Young Man*, not destitute of abilities, and, at present, temperate in his principles, moderate in his language, and unassuming in his manners. But his utmost resolution will be necessary to preserve him, in his new situation, from being infected by the contagion that surrounds him. The qualities I have described however, as being possessed by Mr. WORKMAN are by no means sufficient to qualify a man for the important Office of a CRITIC; Judgment, Learning, and General Information, with various other corresponding qualifications, to an extent which no *Young Man* can be supposed or expected to possess, are indispensably requisite for the due performance of the serious Duties attached to such an Office. But, unhappily for the rising Generation, this is the age for premature wisdom and early perfection; an Age in which the Shadow is preferred to the Substance; and *Philosophism* suffered to usurp the place of *Philosophy*!

The ANALYTICAL REVIEW displays less ability than the Monthly used to display, but greater Candour; for while it makes no effort to conceal its principles, it takes some trouble to defend them; and the abuse which it lavishes on its political adversaries is mostly endeavoured to be supported by something like proof. Its tenets are professedly those of the *Priestonian* School. Dr. PRIESTLEY himself is suspected of having had a principal share in promoting its establishment. Mrs. WOOLSTONECROFT and the Philosopher GODWIN have contributed to its support; and, since its *Coalition* with the *English Review*, it has received the additional aid of a Dr. THOMPSON, who writes what he is pleased to call "*A Retrospect of the ACTIVE World,*" probably because it is evidently composed for the purpose of preparing the minds of *Active Citizens* for *Active Exertions*.

This choice production issues from the same immaculate Press that ushered to the World,

*Paine's "Rights of Man,"* and whence have issued all the rank *Presbyterian* productions which, for some years, have diffused their poison over the Kingdom. It would have been a very easy thing for the Government, if they had exerted that vigilance which, on such an occasion, it is their indispensable duty to exert, to have brought the Charge of Printing and publishing PAINÉ'S infamous libel home to this Quarter, where it was of the utmost consequence to fix it. But His Majesty's ATTORNEY GENERAL, though a very worthy man, and a very good Lawyer, is unfit for the station which he occupies. I will not, indeed, admit the supposition that his intimacy with Mr. Grey, and some other leaders of the Opposition, can have the smallest effect on his public conduct, or in inducing him to depart from that rigid line of strict justice, in respect of seditious libels, which before he obtained his present situation, he frequently boasted that he would, in the event of obtaining it, invariably pursue; but there is certainly something re-

prehensible in such intimacies at such times, as the present; though if a man's feelings do not convince him that it is so, all the arguments in the world would be thrown away on him.

The principles by which the Conductors of the ANALYTICAL REVIEW are actuated, and the end which they labour to promote, will appear evident to any one, who will take the trouble to scrutinize any three numbers of the work, taken indiscriminately, from the period of its first appearance to the present moment. The number for the month of May last now lies before me, and exhibits a sufficient body of evidence for my purpose.

In reviewing a number of inharmonious lines, which the Author has been pleased to denominate a *Poem*, and to entitle the "*Castle of Olmutz*," these benevolent Critics take an opportunity to panegyryze the "amiable *La Fayette*;" and to vent their spleen against all

Crowned Heads, by abusing the Emperors of Germany and Russia, and by representing Justice and Compassion as *unroyal* feelings."

It would indeed be the height of ingratitude in men who are "labouring in the same vocation," not to espouse the Cause of the Author of "The holy Right of Insurrection," the first Goaler, in modern times at least, of a lawful and virtuous King and Queen; a man who had the *patriotic boldness* to insult his Sovereign in the hour of distress, and who possessed so much of the milk of human kindness, so much "unroyal feeling" as courteously to smile upon the very assassins who exhibited to his view the still palpitating heart of the murdered *De Launay*, which they had just torn from his mangled bosom. Yes, this "amiable Character," this proud object of Presbyterian panegyric, viewed this revolutionary exhibition with the same glow of *virtuous* satisfaction which suffused his countenance, when enjoying the execution of a brave British Offi-

cer, which, but for his interposition, would probably have never taken place. Perpetual Imprisonment would form but a very inadequate punishment for the baseness of which this pitiful madman has been guilty, and for the evils which he has contributed to inflict upon the people of Europe.

Those Members of Opposition who charitably endeavoured to promote the release of this *worthy French patriot*, while they bestowed not a thought on the gallant English Officers confined in the prisons of France, are also commended by the Critic; and certainly with propriety, for he was aware that it was the intention of those Members to send their Hero to America, in the hope that his presence in that country might tend to strengthen the interest of France, and to facilitate the progress of Revolutionary Principles. But it is to be hoped, that should La Fayette, or his brethren, the Lameths, the D'Aiguillons, and others of the same stamp, who talk of repair-

ing to America, ever realize their project of visiting that hospitable shore, the efforts of PETER PORCUPINE will be exerted to paint them in their true colours, to the Inhabitants of the United States, and by that means to prevent them from contaminating the minds of his adopted Countrymen.

In their review of another publication, these honest gentlemen very kindly communicated to the Public their plan of “ enlightening the human mind,” as they call it. It is simply this; “ *Give the common people leisure to think, by meliorating their condition; afford them easy access to the means of information; and remove all restraints upon the freedom of the Press and the Pulpit, and perhaps the whole business will be accomplished.*” Here is a curious compendium of Jacobin Reform; *multum in parvo!*—The meaning is literally this;—“ Encourage idleness among the poor; because idleness begets dishonesty, and rogues, *experto crede Roberto*, make the best Patriots; teach the



“ people to read, and allow them to frequent  
 “ our Conventicles; then suffer us to print  
 “ what we please, and our Ministers to  
 “ preach what they chuse, and the business is  
 “ done ! ! !”—Never was a more just con-  
 clusion drawn.

In a third Critique, in the same number, the object of which is the production of a *French Citizen*, who undertakes to vindicate the character of La Fayette, and the enormities of the French Revolution, which he, not unaptly, couples together, the Critics express their readiness “ to admit the plea urged by our Au-  
 “ thor, in extenuation of the tumults, rapine,  
 “ and violence of the French, in the new  
 “ circumstances in which they were placed  
 “ between the overthrow of Tyranny” (the Presbyterian term for *Monarchy*) “ to which  
 “ they still looked back with a degree of ter-  
 “ ror mingled with rage; and the New Order  
 “ to be introduced by *Freedom*.” (The Pres-

byterian term for Rebellion, Anarchy, and Murder.)

The last choice morsel in this admirable collection which I shall notice exhibits a proof of Critical Liberality, or rather of Presbyterian Fellow-feeling ;—It is the review of one of the notorious harangues of *Citizen JOHN GALE JONES*, in which they introduce an Eulogium on another *Citizen*, that convicted felon, *JOSEPH GERALD*, with whom a certain Theatrical Senator used to correspond while the Citizen was in Newgate, and in whose behalf he interposed with a Member of Administration, seeking to procure his pardon by means of a scandalous falsehood, in representing him as a Fool when he knew him to be a man of Talents. *Citizen Jones's Oration\**, it

\* It is almost needless to mention that this "victim of power" is one of the poor Itinerant Deputies of the London Corresponding Society, employed to traverse the Country for the *ostensible* purpose of procuring friends to the System of *Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments*. In his Account of this Tour, which, for Vanity and Egotism, exceeds every

seems, was too bad even for his *Friends* to praise, "but our shafts,"—say they—"shall not be pointed at the breast of a victim of power." No certainly not; they will take especial care not to abuse "one of the Gang"—though it requires as much sagacity to discover what the censure of a man's work has to do with pointing a shaft at his breast, as to desert a victim of power, in a culprit convicted, by a Jury, after a fair trial, of seditious practices!—It serves, however, to show the Spirit of the SECT. The comments on religious publications, in the same number, as well as those critical remarks which they have adopted from foreign Journals on similar topics, all breathe the same Spirit, a Spirit equally hostile to our civil and ecclesiastical establishments.

thing but the puerile productions of Mr. *Barrister* Erskine, he observes that "good Sense and Democracy are generally "considered" (by the Society no doubt) "as synonymous"—"that the *King's Head* is a nonsensical sign," and that he is accustomed to sing "*Go George we can't endure ye.*" *Quere?* Does the liberality of the ATTORNEY GENERAL extend impunity to such language as this?

The CRITICAL REVIEW has already been described as GEORGE ROBINSON'S MONTHLY ADVERTISER ; that is, as a Publication continued almost solely for the purpose of advertising and praising such works as he, the said *George Robinson*, prints and publishes. And this is an object of greater importance than the generality of people may be led to suppose ; for this *Loyal Subject* publishes more works and keeps more journeymen writers in pay, than any other Bookseller in Europe.

The Review itself is a motley performance, reduced, by the Public opinion, to its *proper* extent of circulation. By whom it is *managed* it is difficult to say, though, from the grossness and ignorance displayed in some of the Articles, one might be led to suppose that it was *edited* by the Proprietor himself. Its *Spirit* and *Principles* are too notorious to need elucidation. Were any required, the following brief extracts, taken from the first number at

hand, would suffice. They are to be found in the Critic's comments on the Excursion of a Wiltshire Clothier to North America.

“ There is no reader who would not wish for a *frequent recurrence* of Remarks distinguished by such *good sense* and originality as the following.’—

“ This Government (of America) is raising itself on a new System—*without Kings—without Nobles—without a Hierarchy*. Religion is left to its own intrinsic worth and evidence, and we now shall see whether it can support its due influence among men, without Acts of Parliament to enforce it; and whether it is essential to Religion, that its Eminent Men “should rear their mitred fronts in Courts and Parliaments;” if it will not, it will *then*, indeed, appear to be a necessary engine of State, to keep rational beings in awe and subjection.”

So that remarks which are evidently designed to shew that *Kings, Nobles, and Bishops* are

mere incumbrances to a State, and, consequently, that the British Constitution is radically vicious, are, in the opinion of those Critics, distinguished by *Good Sense*; and such as they wish *frequently to recur!*

But to proceed—

“ Who have been more reprobated than Doctors Priestley, Price, and J. Jebb? and where will you find three contemporary Britons who have been more *useful to Mankind?* If the present Age will not honor them, posterity *shall* do them Justice, and future Ages *shall* call them *blessed!* The *meretricious* pen of a *BURKE*, sometimes employed in favour of Liberty, and sometimes to destroy it, with all its tropes and figures, with all its brilliant Ornaments and *dazzling trinkets*, will be *excused* by the next Age, who will have a fairer standard to judge *them* by:—to them *he* will appear as an *ignis fatuus* leading men out of their way into *bogs* and *quagmires*.—This is the

man that has been one of their greatest *Calumniators.*”

Well done *Glothier* ! Now for the Reviewer.

“ We know what those who admire the *elo-*  
 “ *quent insanity* of Mr. Burke will say to the  
 “ remarks which conclude the extract ; of the  
 “ truth of the *presentiment* they discover we  
 “ have a steady belief. The disciples of Mr.  
 “ Burke will, indeed, pay dearly for their ini-  
 “ tiation : while they imagine they have  
 “ snatched the blooming fruit of political  
 “ knowledge, they will taste and *die* ; they will  
 “ imbibe a mental poison that will render  
 “ them unworthy and unable to enjoy the *pa-*  
 “ *radise of renovated—rational liberty.*” !!!——If  
 this be not a *presentiment* of the  *blessings* of a Gal-  
 lic Revolution in Great Britain, with its natu-  
 ral offspring,—the  *Guillotine*, for the advantage  
 of the unfortunate disciples of Mr. BURKE, it  
 is difficult to say what it is !

If such proofs as these of the mode in which principles of disaffection are diffused throughout the Country, could be extracted from two solitary numbers, which accidentally lay upon my table; what a body of Evidence might be collected by a careful perusal of these vehicles of sedition, from the commencement of the French Revolution to the present moment! That man would render his Country an essential service, who would select all prominent remarks of a similar tendency, from the three Reviews here noticed, on Religious and Political Topics, since the year 1789;—They might be published in two volumes, and entitled “THE BEAUTIES OF THE REVIEWS; OR CRITICAL LOYALTY EXEMPLIFIED.” I lament, that I am myself precluded, by the close attention exacted by the arduous pursuits of a laborious profession, from undertaking a task, of the necessity of which I am so strongly convinced. But as I have traced the outlines, I trust some one will be found to finish the Picture; and if any other inducement than



what I have suggested be necessary,—let it be remembered that *Nineteen-Twentieths* of the Inhabitants of the Provinces are WHOLLY UNACUSTOMED to exercise the faculty of THINKING FOR THEMSELVES on any thing appertaining to Literature, and suffer their judgment to be so entirely influenced by the Reviewers, as never to purchase a book, *until it has received the sanction of their applause.* This being the Case, is it not of the greatest consequence, that the Principles of these Reviewers should be universally known? \*—Most certainly it is.

\* Perhaps a Monthly Publication, entitled “THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED,” might, in some measure, answer this purpose. It is, at all events, an object worthy the consideration of that respectable Society which gave birth to “THE BRITISH CRITIC.” In the present state of Criticism, if an author happen to have a dispute with any of the Reviewers, which renders an Appeal to the Public necessary, he stands not the smallest chance of a *fair Trial*; for, owing to a spurious liberality, or rather, perhaps, to a selfish Policy, (highly injurious to the cause of Truth, which ought to constitute the Soul of Criticism) adopted by the whole race of

To the same contaminated source, whence springs the Review on which I last animadverted, the Public are indebted for an infinite variety of publications, of the same stamp and tendency, which are industriously circulated, by a multiplicity of channels, not only in England, but in the British Possessions in the East and West Indies, as well as on the Continent of America. These works appear in every possible form and shape; as Travels, Histories, Journals, Letters, Essays, Novels, Song-books, Magazines, Registers, Cyclopædias, Spiritual Reflections, Political Disquisitions, and Metaphysical Enquiries. It would be easy to produce examples, from each description; but the discussion would be much too long for this place.

The chief of these productions is **THE NEW ANNUAL REGISTER**, which, from some un-

Critics, without a single exception, the other Reviewers, regardless of their duty to the Public, will not take the least notice of his case.

fortunate circumstance that has retarded the publication of the Original Annual Register, a work of sterling merit, has unfortunately procured an extensive circulation. The conduct and direction of this work are said to be entrusted to a *Dignitary of the Established Church* who, to borrow a phrase from a neighbouring country, that appears particularly applicable to the case, *a surpris la religion* of the Bishop of London. The art which is exerted for the purpose of acquiring the good opinion of distinguished characters, may by many, perhaps, be deemed laudable; but when the opinion so acquired is rendered an instrument of deception, and a *cover* for the diffusion of principles which the persons who bestow it must devote to execration, there are none, it is conceived, who will justify the proceeding.

That the work in question is a vehicle of democracy, propagating sentiments hostile to all the established institutions of this country, no man who reads it can doubt; what opinion,

then, must we form of a clergyman, who, being a *distinguished* preacher at one of our Public Charities, and, moreover, enjoying an elevated station in the Church of England, can undertake the management of such a production? Censure can only be averted by the operation of pity, and his Principles justified at the expence of his Understanding.

The Reverend Doctor to whom I allude is endued with no small portion of that species of worldly wisdom, which consists in being, in *appearance*, at least, "*all things unto all men.*" Thus the concealment of his real principles is a task very easy of accomplishment; and he has more than once passed himself off as a man of loyal and sound principles. But the boldest attempt of this kind which he ever practised, was on the Editor of a Review, conducted on true Constitutional Principles, to whom, after insidiously expressing his approbation of the undertaking, he proffered his services, and *very*

*generously* proposed to review—*The New Annual Register*, that is, to give a Character to his own Child. As the Doctor had professed the utmost purity of sentiment to the Editor, who knew nothing of his Literary Pursuits, the offer was accepted, and the promised critique produced in due time. The perusal of this Chef d'Oeuvre of the Critical Art, sufficed, however, to display the Doctor in his genuine colours; his labours were accordingly committed to the flames, and the work consigned to a more faithful Critic.—This scandalous attempt to contaminate a respectable publication by rendering it the vehicle of Democratic principles deserved a much severer chastisement than the *pen* can inflict. If the Doctor or any of his Critical Associates should dare to call in question the truth of this Anecdote, his name, which for different motives than respect for *him*, urge me *at present* to conceal, shall certainly be published to the World.

The *Philosopher* GODWIN was once applied to by the Proprietor\* of the work in question, to compose some part of it for him; but, in order, I suppose, to exemplify his own principles of Political Justice, the Philosopher received a certain sum on account, and left his Employer to find some other scribe. For this, and for another Philosophical peccadillo, in publishing an octavo abridgment of a quarto

\* The Philanthropy of this man extends to the whole race of *Patriots*; and if any of the Sect are so unfortunate as to become the *Victims of Power*, in other words, to be sent to Newgate for seditious practices, his compassion towards them knows no bounds. When the Patriotic Dr. Hodson was to be discharged from that receptacle for *Active Citizens*, the time of his imprisonment being expired, it became necessary to pay a sum of money, (I forget to what amount) which is not so easy a thing as to harangue a Mob in the Fields, or to talk sedition in a Coffee-House; the difficulty of procuring this, protracted the period of his liberation;—but, staunch to the cause, the General Friend of the Patriots stretched forth his hand to save him, and a Golden Key, alias a Draft for £200, at length opened the Prison-Doors, and once more let loose the Patriot on Society.

book, after he had sold the copy-right to the said Proprietor, the latter makes no scruple to bestow on the Philosopher, notwithstanding the perfect conformity of their principles, an opprobrious appellation, with the repetition of which I shall not pollute my page.

“ The IMPARTIAL HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ” is another offspring of the same parent, and was ushered into the world with the same benevolent view ;—in order to facilitate the progress of French Principles in this Country. It is a mixed compilation of abominable perversions, and scandalous Falshoods ; formed partly on the spurious Authority of Democratic Agents, and partly on forged Instruments fabricated for the most nefarious purposes. The gross errors and iniquitous misrepresentations of this contemptible yet mischievous production were ably pourtrayed in the BRITISH CRITIC for August and September 1794. Yet on comparison, there will be found a perfect conformity,

not merely of facts but of language, between that publication, and the Historical part of the *New Annual Register*; which, on other occasions has had recourse to an Authority, equally *respectable* and equally *pure*; that of the Female Citizen, HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS,\* a little democratic viper, whose *patriotism* originated in the refusal of a pension to herself or her mother from the British Government.

It will easily be supposed that the CRITICAL REVIEWERS received the most peremptory Orders from their Grand Employer to bestow the most lavish encomiums on these different works, and the most scurrilous abuse on any productions which might come in competition with them. It is curious enough to observe

\* So little attention did this *Citoyenne*, (who is said to have had a particular *penchant* for that revolutionary-barbarian BARRERE) pay to accuracy in her Letters, that even, in relating so remarkable an occurrence as the Murder of the King, she mis-stated *all* the principal Facts;



the pains which are taken, in that wretched vehicle, to praise the *New Annual Register*, and to revile the original *Annual Register*;— it reminds one of the Puffs of honest Sharp with his *Razor Strops*, which he boldly proclaims to be the best upon the face of the earth, while all others are pronounced to be mere counterfeits! ALAS! ALAS! HOW ARE THE BRITISH PUBLIC DUPED!!!

It was my intention to lay open the whole Art of composing Seditious Newspapers, but I have already transgressed the limits which I had prescribed to myself. I shall therefore leave the pompous Proprietor of the MORNING CHRONICLE, to avail himself of the *modesty*, and the *knowledge* which he acquired in the Office of the GAZETTEER, and to peer over the enlightened pages of his own paper, with his supporters, two raw *Laddies* fresh from the Highlands, imported from the double motive of patriotism and economy, and his secret friend and adviser, that wholesale consumer of

Snuff and Porter, MR. ALICK CHALMERS;\* who, as inclination prompts or interest impels, can compose, with equal ability, a *patriotic* or a *loyal* Paragraph;—I shall leave ANTHONY PASQUIN† to traduce Innocence and Virtue in the polluted columns of the MORNING POST; the Agents of the *Corresponding Crew* to find a fit successor to the itinerant Treason-

\* This is the most indefatigable Paragraph-Grinder in Christendom; he has a mind peculiarly framed for the business, superior to all the vulgar prejudices of Education and *Superstition*, and anxious to eradicate them from the minds of others. When he has dressed any favourite morsel to his mind, he contemplates it with the exultation ascribed by Milton to another Gentleman equally devoid of prejudice with himself; that is to say “He grins horribly a ghastly smile.” Mr. C. is said to scribble occasionally in the Critical Review, when any *high seasoned* Article is wanted. He is the bosom friend of the Proprietor.

† The Author of the BAVIAD will, I am confident, excuse me for borrowing a Note from his excellent Satire, which fully expresses my Idea of the miserable object here alluded to.

Monger, THELWALL, for supplying their favourite COURIER with a due portion of venom ; and ALL the low herd of vulgar Scribblers to revile the Laws, and murder the Language of

To ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

“ Why dost thou tack, most simple Anthony,  
The name of *Pasquin* to thy ribbald strains ?  
Is it a fetch of wit, to let us see  
Thou, like that statue, art devoid of brains ?”

“ But thou mistak’st : for know, tho’ *Pasquin*’s head  
Be full as hard, and near as thick as thine ;  
Yet has the world admiring on it read  
Many a keen gibe, and many a sportive line.”

“ While nothing from thy jobbernowl can spring  
But impudence and filth ; for out, alas !  
Do what we will, ’tis still the same vile thing,  
Within, all brick-dust—and without, all brass.”

“ Then blot the name of *PASQUIN* from thy page :  
Thou seest it will not thy poor riff-raff sell.  
Some other wouldst thou take ? I dare engage  
*JOHN WILLIAMS*, or *Tom Fool*, will do as well.”

their Country. If the Public did but know the wretched and contemptible beings by whom they suffer themselves, in so many instances, to be led, they would blush at their own Credulity, Weakness, and Folly. Fortunately,

“ TONY has taken my friend’s advice, and now sells or attempts to sell “ his riff-raff” under the name of JOHN, “ WILLIAMS.”

“ It has been represented to me, that I should do well to avoid all mention of this man ; from a consideration that one so lost to every sense of decency and shame, was a fitter object for the Beadle than the Muse. This has induced me to lay aside a second castigation which I had prepared for him, though I do not think it expedient to omit what I had formerly written.”

“ HERE on the rack of Satire let him lie,

“ Fit garbage for the hell hound Infamy”

“ One word more. I am told there are men so weak as to deprecate this miserable object’s abuse, and so vain, so despicably vain, as to tolerate his praise—for such I have nothing but pity ;—though the fate of Hastings, see “ The Pin-basket to the Children of Theopis,” holds out a dreadful lesson to the latter—but should there be a man, or a

of these diurnal vehicles of disaffection not ONE FOURTH can survive the War; FOUR out of FIVE of those which have been specified, do not even now defray the expence of the Publication; the resources of the Proprietors are

“ woman—however high their rank—base enough to purchase the venal pen of this miscreant for the sake of trading innocence and virtue; then—I was about to—  
 “ —; but 'tis not necessary: the profligate cowards who employ Anthony can know no severer punishment than the support of a man whose acquaintance is infamy, and whose touch is poison.”

This man is employed, by one to whose name I cannot apply appropriate Epithets, without violating those laws which, in their precautions for the protection of Character, make no difference between unfulfilled virtue and abandoned Vice, to libel, in the most base and cowardly manner, a Lady of illustrious Birth, not less honoured for the unfulfilled purity of her mind, the extensive benevolence of her heart, and the amiable affability of her manners, than pitied for the adverse circumstances which mark her destiny, for the cruel neglect which she experiences, for the unmerited insults which she sustains.—And what is the vehicle chosen for the conveyance of this dastardly abuse?—That very paper which was purchased by her Husband some years ago, and the price of

nearly exhausted, and they advance with rapidity towards the brink of their dissolution\*.

which still remains a charge upon his Estate! The first use made of the paper when it became his property, was to revile the best friends of his father, and now it is devoted to the unmanly purpose of abusing his wife!—Is there another husband in the kingdom, *one only excepted*, that would tolerate, I will not say encourage, such Conduct? For the honour of Englishmen I trust, nay I believe there is not.—Yet any attacks upon himself are watched with the Eyes of a *Lynx*, and repelled with the fury of a *Lion*.—But from this quarter, after all that we have experienced, after all that we still experience, what have we not reason to expect?—I dare not now trust myself with the subject.—The voice of Admonition, however, shall be heard—Violation of Duty, religious, moral, and political, shall not pass without notice—Remonstrance shall be loud though it may prove ineffectual.

I heartily wish that the Satyrist had taken proper notice of another Character which forms an apt associate for ANTHONY PASQUIN—I mean PETER PINDAR. This venomous reptile, this vile compound of Blasphemy and Obscenity, possessing impiety and malevolence, without the wit or talents,

\* Since the above was written; one of these diurnal vehicles of sedition has expired. That the rest may speedily experience a similar fate, is “a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

I ought to beg PETER PORCUPINE'S pardon for professing to write a Preface to his work, and yet having nearly brought that Preface to an end without saying one syllable on the subject. But, in good truth, honest Peter's Book will speak best for itself; it wants no friendly hand to point out its merits;—it contains “that within it which will inevitably extort the commendations of the Good, and the abuse of

of Voltaire, ought to be scourged out of Society, as he has already been horse-whipped out of his native County. He is a miscreant without any principles of action, but the single one of Interest. He would revile his God (as he does daily in Conversation) with as much virulence as he reviles his Sovereign, if he could gain as much by the task. It is known that he actually sold himself to the present Ministry for a pension of Two hundred Pounds, and abused the former objects of his Panegyrics; but, having violated his contract, advanced the most infamous falsehoods in order to justify the breach, and committed something very like a fraud, he was dismissed with Ignominy and Contempt.—Surely of such a Man it may be said, that he is

“FIT GARBAGE FOR THE HELL-HOUND INFAMY.”

the Bad.—By it, Englishmen will see that *America* has her vehicles of sedition, her *Morning Chronicles*, her *Morning Posts*, and her *Critical Reviews*, as well as England: nay, her fate is still more to be deplored, for the *refuge*, the *dregs*, of British Society, the *Traitors* who fly from Britain to escape the punishment due to their crimes, take refuge on her hospitable shore! *There* they vent their spleen against their native Soil with impunity, and, no longer deterred by the dread of the *Hulks* or the *Halter*, openly glory in those schemes of Rebellion which the vigilance of the Government has prevented them from reducing to practice. *There* they act *consistently*, drinking in the same breath “*Destruction to the Enemies of the*  
“*FRENCH REPUBLIC, by Sea and Land*”—  
“*HENRY GRATTAN and the Opposition of Ireland*”—  
—“*CITIZENS FOX and STANHOPE, and the Opposition in England.*”—*There* they connect the links of the same Chain, and exhibit in one point of view, *Cause and Effect*.



Well might honest PETER exclaim, when noticing the scurrilous invectives of these miscreants against England, "To what a pitch  
 " must this unmeaning, this fruitless ill-nature  
 " against a foreign Country be carried, if to  
 " be declared *infamous* there, is become a re-  
 " commendation here! If a fellow, to usher  
 " himself into favour, must, cry out, " *I have*  
 " *had a narrow escape!* Look, ye, good folks, here,  
 " *is the mark of the Halter about my neck yet!* If  
 " this be the case, we may as well adopt at  
 " once, that famous decree of the Jacobin  
 " Club, at Paris, which requires, as an es-  
 " sential qualification in each member, that  
 " he shall, previous to his admission, have  
 " committed some crime worthy of the Gib-  
 " bet!" But PETER, perhaps, did not know,  
 " that there were Senators in this Country so  
 " base, so degenerate, as not only to plead the  
 " cause of, but even to associate with, *Convicted*  
 " *Fellows!*

PETER appreciates the Views of the British Reformers much better than their Defenders on this side of the Atlantic: Unfortunately, when they have emigrated, they venture to speak truth, and, by that means, like their models the Regicides of France, belie all the assertions of their British advocates.

The Public will be enabled, from an attentive perusal of the following pages, to form a pretty correct judgment of the designs of the early Patriots of Great Britain; and of that spirit which Mr. *Barister* ERSKINE has lately characterised, "as the Effusions of an honest, but irregular zeal,"—and as bearing a "*tinge of Republicanism* \*;" and of those productions which Mr. *Patriot* FOX represented in the House in November, 1795, as "*paltry Libels*," unworthy of notice.—Your true Reformers,

\* All the answerers of this vain foolish man have been too *mealy mouthed*; they should either have treated him with more severity, or have consigned him to contempt and oblivion.

whether they assemble at the Crown and Anchor, in London, like the "Corresponding Society," the "Friends of the People," and the "Whig Club," or like the *United Irishmen*, and the *Emigrated Britons* in a Tavern, at Philadelphia, New York, or Hamburgh, always promulgate their political tenets through the medium of *Toasts* and *Songs*.—Thus the British Reformers at New-York drink with *three cheers*, "A Revolution in Great Britain and Ireland upon *sans culottes principes*."—This is what may be truly called *speaking out*, and the Reformers who remain in England would, if they dared, *speak out* in the same manner. One of these Gentlemen, Mr. *Joel Barlow*, a patriot of great note, and once warmly espoused by the Members of Opposition in this Country, was at Hamburgh in July, 1794, where he composed a Song, to be sung, on the celebration of some of the Regicidal Enormities at Paris, the subject of which was a truly patriotic wish, that the virtuous Sovereigns of Great-Britain might come to the

*Guillotine*, and that all the Crowned Heads in Europe might experience a similar fate!

It must not be forgotten, that this Miscreant was one of the Deputies appointed, by the "*Constitutional Society of London*," to present to the National Convention of France, on the 28th of November, 1792, a congratulatory address on the abolition of Royalty, accompanied by the expression of a  *fervent hope*, that the Convention might soon have an opportunity of presenting a similar address to a National Convention of England! And, yet, Mr. Fox, Mr. SHERIDAN, Mr. ERSKINE, Mr. STURT, and other members of the party, have the bare-faced effrontery to tell the nation, that no design to subvert the Constitution ever existed!—that the sole object of the Democratic Societies was a Reform of Parliament!—Never, surely, was so gross an insult to the understanding and common sense of a people offered in the world. Men who can seriously maintain such a preposterous proposition, after

the multiplicity of glaring proofs which have appeared to establish the contrary fact, must submit either to the charge of downright Idiotsm, or incorrigible profligacy. Violent as the declaration may seem, I shall make no scruple to aver, that the man who can associate with and support the Author of such a Song as that which appears in page 26 of the following work, ought to be regarded in no other light than as the Accomplice of an Assassin.

I am sure the British Public will feel the same indignation with myself upon this occasion, and will devote to Infamy the abandoned Wretch, who could imprecate destruction on their benevolent Sovereign, who is still less distinguished for his elevated rank than for his personal virtues. It shews, however, what is the true object, what are the real sentiments of these Patriots; these bawlers for Reform; these Addressers of Regicides; it exhibits

them in their Genuine Colours; it exposes them to the naked sight.

Pursuing the same plan which he adopted in his BLOODY BUOY, the Author exhibits in "THE BONE TO GNAW FOR THE DEMOCRATS," some further Specimens of Gallic Ferocity, principally extracted from an *Authentic Account of the Siege of Lyons*, the *Original* of which, published at Paris, is now in my possession. It is to be hoped that none of the enormities committed by the Regicides of France will be suffered to escape the notice of Posterity; but that they will be transmitted from Father to Son as a memorable Lesson, to shew the Danger of releasing the Multitude from the restraints of Law, and of giving a loose to Passions, which, emancipated from the control of Reason, form the bane and curse of Society;—to shew also the horrid, and inevitable effects of encouraging a turbulent spirit of innovation in the People, of sapping the fundamental Laws of a State, and of cherishing the

phrenetic Idea that *Constitutions* can be raised like mushrooms, or fitted, like a Red Cap, to the Head of every Madman who thirsts for Novelty.

It would be an Act of Injustice to the Author to omit noticing three passages in his Book, for which, as well as for his general Conduct, he is entitled to the thanks, not only of every Briton, but of every friend to social Order.—Adverting to the proceedings of those restless spirits, whom the fear of the Gibbet induced to fly from this Country to America, and having explained their Efforts to excite Rebellion in the Land that affords them Shelter, PETER PORCUPINE makes the following judicious Observations.

“ Thus, then, I think nobody will deny,  
 “ that a hatred of the British Government and  
 “ of that of the United States go hand in  
 “ hand. Nor is the reason of this at all mys-  
 “ terious; it is not because of their resem-

“ blance to each other in form, nor, as the  
 “ Democrats have ingeniously observed, be-  
 “ cause “ there is some dangerous connection  
 “ between Great Britain and our public af-  
 “ fairs ;” it is because they are both pursuing  
 “ the same line of conduct with respect to  
 “ *Clubs and Conspirations* ; it is because they have  
 “ both the same radical defect, a power to  
 “ suppress anarchy ; it is, to say all in one  
 “ word, because they are *Governments*. Great  
 “ Britain has a Government of some sort (no-  
 “ body will deny that, I suppose), and this  
 “ is sufficient to merit their execration. It is  
 “ not the form of a government, it is not the  
 “ manner of its administration ; it is the thing  
 “ itself, they are at war with, and that they  
 “ must be eternally at war with ; for *Go-*  
 “ *vernment implies order, and order and anarchy can*  
 “ *never agree.*” PETER is right—*hinc iræ, hinc*  
*lacrymæ* !—he has a thorough knowledge of  
 the SECT and, therefore, it is, that the  
 Agents and Supporters of that Sect revile and  
 abuse him.



Referring to another Practice of these *self-transported Convicts*, who are perpetually declaiming on the *Poverty* of England, he asks, “ What does our Experience say? If we go upon Change, we see people *buying Bills upon London at 3 and 4 per Cent. ABOVE PAR*; but if a fellow were to take it into his head to propose the negociation of a Bill on Paris, I much question if he would not get kicked out into the street.”

On the reflections cast upon our Laws by the advocates of those who have, by their treasonable or seditious practices, subjected themselves to those laws, an observation occurs, which at once discovers so much good sense, and is so completely decisive of the question, as to set all possible cavil at defiance. It cannot be too generally known—too widely diffused; every Briton should learn it by heart, and it should be the constant reply to the calumnies of the disaffected.—If the REVIEWERS have a single spark of *British* Fire in their

bosoms, they will make some amends for their past degeneracy, by quoting the passage, and impressing it strongly on the minds of their Readers.

“ The *United Irishmen* shed an abundance of  
 “ crocodile tears over Doctor Priestley and  
 “ his friends, Muir, Palmer, &c. and make  
 “ out piteous Stories about the Tyranny of  
 “ the British Laws: but who will believe  
 “ them? Nobody, here, above the rank of a  
 “ potatoe digger. *The late Trials for High*  
 “ *Treason, in England, furnish us with an Ex-*  
 “ *ample of Integrity and Impartiality in a Court*  
 “ *of Justice that may be equalled, but that never*  
 “ *has been yet. THE COBLER ACQUITTED, AND*  
 “ *THE PEER CONDEMNED, (alluding to Hardy*  
 and Lord Abingdon.) “ THE LATTER A  
 “ FRIEND TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND THE  
 “ FORMER ITS PROFESSED ENEMY, *while it*  
 “ *leaves us but very little room to doubt of the*  
 “ *guilt of the Botany Bay convicts, REFLECTS*  
 “ ETERNAL HONOUR ON BRITISH JURIS-

“ PRUDENCE. *Indeed all the beneficent Effects*  
 “ *of the British Constitution are now felt in their*  
 “ *full Force: never did it shine forth with such*  
 “ *transendant Lustre as at this important and*  
 “ *awful Crisis.* IT WAS THIS CONSTITU-  
 “ TION THAT FIRST LAUNCHED BRITAIN  
 “ FROM OBSCURITY, THAT HAS SINCE PRE-  
 “ SERVED HER IN SO MANY PERILS, AND  
 “ THAT NOW BEARS HER STEADILY THROUGH  
 “ THE REVOLUTIONARY TEMPEST, SUR-  
 “ ROUNDED WITH THE WRECKS AND THE  
 “ RUINS OF HER NEIGHBOURS.”—Let those  
 base, degenerate Britons, whatever be their rank  
 or station, in or out of the Senate, who inces-  
 santly revile the Laws and libel the Constitu-  
 tion of their Country, attend to the Dictates  
 of sound Wisdom, conveyed in the plain, un-  
 decorated Language of Truth, thus flowing  
 from the uncorrupted mind of a *True-Born*  
*Englishman*, who, not many years ago, bore a  
 musquet in the service of his native Land,  
 which he now so ably defends with his pen,  
 from the attacks of its foreign and domestic

Enemies :—let them attend to these, and blush at their own *inferiority*.—May this tribute of Justice to the object of my Veneration be rewarded by the Praises of all good Subjects, and by the Blessings of all good Men ; may the honest heart that pays it be ever screened from the shafts of Adversity ; may it never cease, for a moment, to experience the happiness which results from conscious integrity ; nor to know those comforts and advantages which are invariably due to the virtuous application of solid talents.

One word more by way of exhortation, and I have done. - It is usual, when a ship is supposed to be in danger from the threatening aspect of the horizon, to summon every man to his post; where he is not suffered to remain in inactivity, coolly contemplating the approaching storm, and deferring the means that are necessary to resist its fury, until it shall be ready to burst over his head; on the contrary, every precaution which prudence can suggest or experience

devise is adopted without delay ; the Pilot never, for a moment, quits his station, or relaxes his vigilance ; order and unanimity pervade every quarter ; and all is bustle, activity, and vigour. *Thus should it be with the great VESSEL OF THE STATE*, whenever it is assailed by insidious Traitors at home, or furious Enemies abroad. Let then, at this important period—*more important far than it may appear to the unsteady eye of superficial observation*—every Individual connected with the Government of the country, or the Administration of its laws, exert the utmost vigilance and energy in the discharge of his duty. In every Department of the State, let Prudence and Economy be carefully observed, and Meanness and Parsimony as sedulously avoided ; the hand of the Statesman will easily trace the line of separation, and his mind will readily acknowledge that the former tends to preservation, while the latter facilitates destruction.

Let the political principles of all Candidates for place or power be scrupulously investigat-

ed: In *times like these* such precautions are essential; it is not different shades of opinion, if I may so say, on particular questions, that can now create divisions among Public Men; the difference is radical, its object is not embellishment but substance, not the superstructure but the basis. It is as preposterous to see some men holding offices in the State who are notoriously disaffected to the Government, as to hear others, who are indebted for the very bread which they eat to the bounty or protection of their Sovereign, loading that Sovereign with insult, and aiming a blow at his Political Existence.—Instances of this kind, alas! are but too frequent.

Let those who are entrusted with the Police of the Kingdom in general, and of the Metropolis in particular, be careful to enforce a strict observance of the Laws. Abuses of the most scandalous nature are suffered to exist with impunity. If the Public Prints may be credited, though the fact, I confess, is so atro-

cious as scarcely to justify belief, the very wretches who are confined, for treasonable and seditious practices in the Goal of *Newgate*, are enabled to live as much at their ease, (and many of them more so) as when they were at their own houses: They are allowed not only to compose seditious pamphlets, but to perform every part of the business that is necessary, (with the single exception of printing) previous to publication; and, *it is said*, that one of the apartments is even painted with the *National Colours of France*, and a French Inscription on the door, *Citoyen—Palais d'Égalité*.\*—If this be true, and the fact is easily verified, what blame must attach, not only on the Keeper of the Prison, but on the Sheriffs of London!—

\* The paper in which I read this Anecdote was the *True Briton*; How far it may be relied on, I have not the means of ascertaining: I do not place much reliance, in general, upon Newspaper Intelligence, but, I think; no Editor of a paper would have the effrontery to write such a fact as this, if it were not well authenticated.

*Debating Societies*, of which the vigilance of the Magistracy produced a temporary suspension, are again established to corrupt the minds of the lower orders of the People. Though *Political Allusions* are insidiously prohibited in the Bills, the most seditious principles are artfully propagated under a flimsy disguise, and every Institution which has been established for the security of social order is attacked in Language adapted to the Capacities of the Audience. At the *Westminster Forum*, that mad-brained Itinerant Deputy JOHN GALE JONES, now out of prison upon Bail, after a conviction for Seditious Practices, and a fellow of the name of BULL, display their Oratorical Talents; and with such wonderful success as to make the deepest impression on their "Respectable Audience"—so that "*The Greasy Rogues throw up their Caps and cry, Long live—SEDITION.*" The toleration of such proceedings is alike disgraceful to the Officers of the Parish, and the Ma-



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gistrates of the District.—Once more let me repeat—THE TIMES ARE CRITICAL; AND ANY RELAXATION OF DUTY MAY PROVE FATAL TO THE STATE!

FINIS.

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**A BONE TO GNAW,**

**FOR THE**

**DEMOCRATS,**



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# P R E F A C E.

READER,

**I**F you have a Shop to mind, or any other business to do, I advise you to go and do it, and let this book alone; for, I can assure you, it contains nothing of half so much importance to you, as the sale of a skein of thread or a yard of tape. By such a transaction you might possibly make a net profit of half a farthing, a thing, though seemingly of small value, much more worthy your attention than the treasures under the State House at Amsterdam, or all the mines of Peru. Half a farthing might lay the foundation of a brilliant fortune, and sooner than you should be deprived of it by this work, though it may be called my offspring, I would, like the worshippers of Moloch commit it to the flames with my own hands.

If you are of that sex, vulgarly called the Fair, but which ought always to be called the

Divine, let me beseech you, if you value your charms, to proceed no further. *Politics* are a mixture of anger and deceit, and these are the mortal enemies of Beauty. The instant a lady turns politician, farewell the smiles, the dimples, the roses; the graces abandon her, and age sets his seal on her front. We never find *Hebe*, goddess ever fair and ever young, chattering politics at the table of the gods; and though *Venus* once interposed in behalf of her beloved *Paris*, the spear of *Diomedes* taught her "to tremble at the name of arms." And have we not a terrible example of recent, very recent date? I mean that of the unfortunate *Mary Wolstoncraft*. It is a well known fact, that, when that political lady began *The Rights of Women*, she had as fine black hair as you would wish to see, and that, before the second sheet of her work went to the press, it was turned as white, and a great deal whiter than her skin. You must needs think I have the ambition common to every author; that is to say, to be read; but I declare, that, sooner than bleach one auburn ringlet, or even a single hair; sooner than rob the world of one heavenly smile, I would with pleasure see my pamphlet torn up to light the pipes of a Democratic club, or burnt like the *Political Progress*, by the hands of a Scotch hangman, or even loaded with applauses by the *Philadelphia Gazette*.

It is a little singular for an author to write a Preface to hinder his work from being read ; but this is not my intention ; all I wish to do is, to confine it within its proper sphere. I am aware that my sincerity in this respect may be called in question, and that malice may ascribe to me motives that never entered my thoughts : but of this I am totally regardless ; my work answers to its title, and consequently, nobody but the Democrats can have any thing to do with it. Nor does it court their approbation ; I throw it in amongst them, as amongst a kennel of hounds ; let them snarl and growl over it, and gnaw it, and flaver it ; the more they wear out their fangs this way, the less dangerous will be their bite hereafter.

*Philadelphia, Feb. 19th. 1795.*





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# BONE TO GNAW

FOR THE

## DEMOCRATS.

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**T**HOUGH the good people of America cannot for their lives comprehend the views, from which they have been favoured with a publication of *The Political Progress of Britain*, we may suppose, that the fondness of the Author led him to see a possibility of its being read; and, as it is in the nature of reading, to give rise to observations, he will not be surpris'd, that some of those, arising from the reading of his patriotic labours, have, by a very ordinary process, found their way into print. It is thus that books, more grateful than the children of men, never fail to yield assistance to those that have given them birth.

Whenever neglect lays its icy hand on an unfortunate production, another flies to its aid; and, though it cannot cancel the irrevocable doom, it saves it for a moment at least, from the jaws of the unclean monster, that is day and night gaping to receive it. Such being, at least in part, the charitable views of this pamphlet, it will undoubtedly meet with a hearty welcome from all the friends of *The Political Progress*, and particularly from its Author.

Let me then ask, What could induce him to come *a' the wa' from Edinburgh* to Philadelphia to make an attack upon poor Old England? And, if this be satisfactorily accounted for, upon principles of domestic philosophy, which teaches us, that froth and scum stopped in at one place, will burst out at another, still I must be permitted to ask, What could induce him to imagine, that the citizens of the United States were, in any manner whatever, interested in the affair? What are his adventures in Scotland, and his "narrow escape," to us, who live on this side the Atlantic? What do we care whether his associates, *Ridgway* and *Symmons*, are still in Newgate, or whether they have been translated to Surgeon's Hall? Is it any thing to us whether he prefers Charley to George, or George to Charley, any more than whether he used to eat

his burgoon with his fingers or with a horn spoon? What are his debts and his misery to us? Just as if we cared whether his posteriors were covered with a pair of breeches, or a kilt, or whether he was literally *sans culotte*? In great Britain, indeed, his barking might answer some purpose; there he was near the object of his fury; but here he is like a cur howling at the moon.

Indeed, he himself seems to have been fully sensible of the ridiculousness of the situation in which this publication would place him, and therefore he has had the precaution to surround himself with company, to keep him in countenance. He says that *Mr. Jefferson*, late American Secretary of State, spoke of his work, on different occasions, in respectful terms; and that he declared "it contained "the most astonishing concentration of "abuses, that he had ever heard of." He tells us besides, that *other gentlemen* have delivered their opinions to the same effect; and that their *encouragement* was one principal cause of the appearance of this American edition.

And did he in good earnest, imagine that mixing with such company would render his person sacred and invulnerable? He should have recollected, that, though one *scabby* sheep

infects a whole flock, he does not thereby work his own cure.

As to *Mr. Jefferson*, I must suppose him entirely out of the Question; for, nobody that has the least knowledge of the talents, penetration and taste of that Gentleman, will ever believe, that he could find any thing worthy of *respect* in a production, evidently intended to seduce the rabble of North Britain. Besides, upon looking a second time over the words attributed to *Mr. Jefferson*, I think, it is easy to discover that the quotation is erroneous: the word *abuses*, I am pretty confident, should be *abuse*; and thus, by leaving out an *s*, the sentence expresses exactly what one would expect from such a person as *Mr. Jefferson*: “ that  
“ the work contained the most astonishing con-  
“ centration of *abuse*, that he had ever heard  
“ of.”

With respect to those *other gentlemen* whose encouragement has thrust the Author forward, it is not difficult to guess to what *clan* they belong; but, let them be who they may, and let their situation be what it may (and if I am right in my guess, it is at this time awkward enough), I think they would not exchange it for the one they have placed him in. He vainly imagines himself the hero of the

farce, when he is nothing but the buffoon, Indeed he has described the part he is acting better than I, or any one else can do it. He says that Authors of revolutionary pamphlets form a kind of "forlorn hope on the skirts of "battle." Every one knows, that the forlorn hope, or *enfants perdus*, was amongst the ancient Gauls, composed of the outcasts of society; wretches whose lives were already forfeited (and who had not had the good luck, like our Author to "escape") who were set in the front of battle, not for their *courage*, but their *crimes*. The comparison he has pilfered from Dean Swift; it is therefore just to return it to its owner; but as to the application of it to himself, I am certain, no body can have the least objection.

However, I can hardly imagine, that the *encouragement* of these *gentlemen* would, alone, have dragged him into so dangerous a service. I think, his conduct may be, in part, accounted for upon physical principles. We are told, that there is, or ought to be, about every human body, a certain part called the *crumena*, upon which depends the whole œconomy of the intestines. When the *crumena* is full, the intestines are in a correspondent state; and then the body is inclined to repose, and the mind to peace and good neighbourhood: but when

the *crumena*\* becomes empty, the sympathetic intestines are immediately contracted, and the whole internal state of the patient is thrown into insurrection and uproar, which, communicating itself to the brain, produces what a learned state physician calls, the *mania reformatio*; and if this malady is not stopped at once, by the help of an hempen necklace, or some other remedy equally efficacious, it never fails to break out into Atheism, Robbery, Unitarianism, Swindling, Jacobinism, Massacres, Civic Feasts and Insurrections. Now, it appears to me, that our unfortunate Author must be afflicted with this dreadful malady, and if so, I will appeal to any man of feeling, whether his friends would not have shewn their humanity, in relieving him by other means than those they have *encouraged* him to employ; which, besides being unproductive, have exposed both him and them to the birch of public opinion.

Such are the mighty effects of the *mania reformatio*, that I was at first inclined to believe, we were indebted to that alone for the publication in question; and that the *gentlemen*, from whom the Author had received *encouragement* to proceed, were purely the creatures of his disordered imagination; but I have lately seen it introduced to public notice so often, and in

\* The Purse.

such a way, that I have been obliged to change my opinion.

A Newspaper printed at Philadelphia, whose motto is, "The Public Will our Guide;—the Public Good our End," has borne a conspicuous part in "ushering this dark born devil into "light." In one number of that truly puffing print, the speech of a member of Congress is cut asunder in the middle, for the purpose of wedging in an extract from *The Political Progress of Britain*. The debate was on the propriety of the house's censuring certain societies that had assisted in bringing about an insurrection in the western counties of Pennsylvania; and the extracted morsel, wedged in as above mentioned, went to prove that *bread was absolutely dearer in Scotland than in England!*—Well enough may you stare, reader. Was there ever such an impudent, such a barefaced puff as this, since the noble art of puffing has been discovered? And did the author of it imagine, that there was any two legged creature so stupid as not to perceive it? It is an insult to our national understanding. Why not say candidly; "gentlemen and ladies, here is a poor man in distress, who, for want of better employment, has trumped up an old pamphlet, which he proposes to sell for a new one; in buying each of you one, you will render him a great service, and the bookseller a still greater. Unless you will be pleased to bestow your charity, the worms will stuff away upon the work,

while the Author's belly will be empty." This would have been plain downright honest dealing, and would have brought the wished-for relief at once. We give a sixpence to a good blunt beggar who tells his case in three words; but we have not time to listen to the canting sybil that offers to tell our fortunes for a half-penny.

The gazette above mentioned, in good will to Great Britain, does not yield to *The Political Progress* itself. It can do any thing, it can work miracles, when the "public will" requires it. For this year past, it has kept an army of a hundred thousand Carmagnols in constant readiness to invade England, and has even landed them once, and set them to fricasseeing the poor English, with as little mercy as they do the poor frogs in their own country. Nor is it second to any, with respect to home affairs. It may be called the political barometer of the Union. At a time when the atmosphere of popular opinion seemed to lower over the principal officers of the Federal Government, the Editor, in conformity to the first part of his motto, expunged the word *Federal* from the title of his gazette. As a reason for this alteration, he observes, with his usual modesty: "Previous to the adoption of the Federal  
" Constitution, this paper bore an *honourable*  
" and decided part in its *favour*; but this Con-  
" stitution *no longer* needs the *aid* of a Newf-



“ paper.” Notwithstanding this plausible excuse, most people thought, that the expunging of the word *Federal* had something ominous in it. I confess myself to have been of that number; I thought, I could perceive in it a preparatory step to something else: as skilful mariners, when they see a storm gathering, throw the heavy lumber overboard, that they may be able to tack with more celerity. And, if things had taken a different turn from what they did, who knows but we might have seen the protean Editor change his present respectable sign\*, for the head of Citizen Genet! Happily for all parties we have been spared this mortification.

I stop here to throw myself on the mercy of the reader. “ A digression,” says Shaftesbury, “ is ever inexcusable in proportion as “ the subject of it is contemptible.” Acknowledging, as I do the justness of this maxim, I am but too well assured, that nothing can apologize for the digression I have just been led into.

*The Political Progress* has more than one string to its bow. The Editor above mentioned is surpassed in charity by one of his brethren of the same city; the first has only recommended

\* Washington's Head.

it to others, while the latter has taken it under his own roof. I shall trouble the reader with but one instance, among a hundred, of this gentleman's generosity. He is upon the subject of the blood that has been shed in France, since the commencement of the Revolution. He says, it would be an easy matter *to apologize for all the massacres* that have taken place in that country; "but, even taking them as they are, it will be found, upon reflection, that, *at this moment*, the sum of human happiness is greater in France than in the *Queen of Isles*:" these are his very words. To prove this, he presents us with "an anecdote, copied from a work of great merit. (to be had at the office of the *Aurora*) entitled, *The Political Progress of Britain.*" This rare anecdote informs us, that, in the year *one thousand seven hundred and seventy seven*, a woman was hanged at Tyburn for stealing a piece of linen. Now, how the hanging of a woman at Tyburn, in 1777, could reduce the sum of human happiness in the *Queen of Isles* in 1794; and how the reduction of the sum of human happiness in the *Queen of Isles*, could make an addition to the sum of human happiness in France, is, I presume, a problem to be solved by those, and those alone, who have been initiated in the arcanum of democratic algebra.

Many have been the conjectures on the reason of this print assuming the name of *Aurora*. The Editor, after having, like a second Phaeton, driven the blazing car of democratic fury, till it was within an inch of burning us all up to cinders, has assumed the gentle gait and modest veil of the Goddess of the morning: "A right chip of the *Old Block*," as *Poor Richard* says. Some think, that, having seen the Sun of all his hopes and expectations set, in the *west*, he thought it was high time to rise upon us from the *east*. But, however, this is not the reason; the thing is an imitation of a French Paper, conducted by "Le veritable Pere du Chien\*," and bearing the motto, "*Bougrement Patriotique*." It is something wonderful that the *Aurora* has not adopted a motto so characteristic of the matter it contains: but to make use of a well known democratic quotation, "nemo repente fuit turpissimus †." Though perhaps, the *Aurora*, and some other prints, may boast of being an exception to this maxim, yet it may serve as a seasonable hint to their readers.

Never mind, reader; I know what I am about. I have set my foot among a nest of

\* If I am not mistaken in the French, this means, *The real father of the dog*.

† No one ever became infamous all at once.

vipers here; but the poor devils do not know how to sting. Let them writhe and hiss, while we return to *The Political Progress of Great Britain*.

Taking it for granted, that the Author is neither more nor less than the "forlorn hope" of the phalanx by whom he is encouraged, I do not look upon myself as bound to observe the laws of neutrality towards them, any more than towards him; and therefore I shall make very free with them, whenever they may fall in my way. Nor will the title of *gentleman*, which he has, and very uncitizen like too, bestowed on them, withhold my hand; we know that hawkers and pedlars, swindlers, highwaymen and pickpockets, call one another gentlemen; and that even the members of every self-created back door club, except in their fulminations *ex officio*, take the same title; but does this prevent any body from thinking and speaking of them as they deserve? Certainly not. They claim the liberty of the press in the evomition of their anarchical poison, and shall not others claim the same liberty in administering the antidote?

What then is this blessed performance? what does it contain, that such uncommon, such unnatural efforts should be made to drag it into day? Why, *The Political Progress*, or

*Sawney's Complaint* (for this title would become it much better than the one it has assumed \*), paints in as odious a light as black and white will admit of, those kings of England who have inflicted severities on the Scotch; it abuses all the most celebrated Whigs of the United Kingdoms, and in general, every body who was opposed to the cause of the *Pretender*; it contains the most sophistical and ill-digested account of the national debt, the wars, taxes, and expences of government in Great Britain, that has ever yet appeared; in short, the piece altogether, forms one of the most complete Whisky-boy Billingsgate libels, or, as *Mr. Jefferson* emphatically expressed it, "the most astonishing concentration of abuse," that ever was seen, or heard of.

Yes, reader, look at it again, and tell me what you can find here, that can merit the

\* I cannot leave the reader to imagine for a moment, that I am here at the Scotch *in general*. They are a nation I respect above any other, except my own. For prudence, perseverance, integrity, courage, and learning, they are above all praise. And as to loyalty, by no means the least of virtues, the great body of the nation are far more loyal than their neighbours in the South. Witness the *American War*: it was the Scotch that bore the brunt of it. They were in fact the Alpha and Omega of that war. But the merits and fidelity of a nation can never justify the apostacy of individuals, after having confessed candidly my admiration and respect for the one, I must be allowed to express as candidly my abhorrence of the other.

attention of an *American*. If you want to know the characters of the kings of England, you will find them recorded in history; you will there find the good with the bad: you will find, that they have all had their faults, and most of them their virtues. If you find that some of them were wolves, you will never find that their subjects or their neighbours were lambs. From the same source you will learn, that, ever since the abdication of James II. the embers of discontent have been kept alive in Scotland, by the means of ambitious demagogues: you will find that their influence is daily decreasing, but that, like the Antifederalists in America, they seize every opportunity to exert it, in reviling the government, representing every tax as an oppression, and exciting the ignorant to insurrection\*. You will observe (and undoubtedly with a great deal of pleasure) that exertions of such a horrid ten-

\* I wish we could say, that a change of air had produced a change of conduct in some of them. The comrades of *Muir* and *Palmer* were no sooner landed at New York last year, than they began to pick a hole in the coat of the *American Government*. They openly declared, that it was “*tarnished by the last and worst disgrace of a free government,*” and said, that they looked forward to “*a more perfect state of Society.*” (See their address to the *Unitarian Doctor*). I do not say that they had any immediate hand in the western affair: but when rebels from all quarters of the world are received with open arms, as persecuted patriots, it is no wonder that rebellion should be looked upon as patriotism.

dency have not, latterly, had the same effects there, that they have here; but you must nevertheless agree, that it was as prudent and as justifiable in the government of Great Britain, to prosecute those who were endeavouring to kindle the flames of civil war in Scotland, as it is in the government of the United States to prosecute the men, who, for a similar crime, are now in Philadelphia jail, waiting their trials. As to the taxes in Great Britain, they are heavy, and I believe in my soul it is in their very nature to be heavy, as much as it is in the nature of lead; for, the people complain of their weight not only there, but here, and every where else. You will, perhaps, like many other compassionate people, feel a good deal of anxiety about the *national debt* of Great Britain, and may possibly have your fears of *a general bankruptcy*: but, suffer me to caution you against an excess of sensibility; for, though compassion is, in itself, amiable, it degenerates into weakness, when lavished on an unworthy object: nay, it even looks meddling, if not childish, to be eternally expressing a solicitude for people who do not seem at all sensible of your kindness. Only look at the conduct of their Merchants, for example, towards Mr. Dayton: we have not heard, that they have expressed the least gratitude to that honest gentleman for his kind motion, for putting aside about four or five millions of

their dollars, in a safe corner, to preserve them from the Hanover Rats, and the scrambling clutches of Billy Pitt! If I were in the place of the honourable Member from New Jersey, I think it would be a lesson to me never to meddle with their affairs again. Such a perverse stiff-necked race ought to be left to their fate. All we have to do, is to take care that they do not get into our debt, and then let them break as soon as they will. Humanity requires that we should pity our distressed fellow creatures, but it does not oblige us to expose ourselves to their contempt.

In defence of the conduct of the *gentlemen encouragers of The Political Progress of Britain*, it has been roundly asserted, that there exists a Monarchy Party in the United States, and that every thing tending to render it odious is necessary and laudable; and that, consequently, it was no more than fair play to borrow, or hire, the pen of a needy foreigner to lampoon the government and constitution of his own country. But, whoever will give themselves the trouble to open their eyes, or make use of a very little recollection, will be convinced, I fancy, that there is no reason for alarm on this account.

Our democrats are continually crying shame on the satellites of Royalty, for carrying on a



Crusade against Liberty; when the fact is, the satellites of Liberty\* are carrying on a Crusade against Royalty. If one could recollect all their valorous deeds, on this side the water, since the beginning of 1793, they would make a history far surpassing that of Tom Thumb or Jack the Giant Killer. The *Aurora*, and two or three other prints of that stamp, have served them by way of Backers-on: they have been, and are yet, the Saint Bernards and Peter the Hermits of the Crusade.

When they found the Government was not to be bullied into a war, they were upon the point of declaring it themselves against the coalesced Monarchs, so well known for their depredations on the purses of all Christendom, and against that old ruffian Harry the Eighth, who is a sort of a setter-on of the whole pack. And though this resolve was not put into execution, out of respect for the inviolable and sacred person of his Majesty of clubs, they

\* Take care, reader, how you confound terms here. *Liberty*, according to the Democratic Dictionary, does not mean *freedom from oppression*; it is a very comprehensive term, signifying among other things, *slavery, robbery, murder, and blasphemy*. Citizen David, painter to the Propagande, has represented *Liberty* under the form of a *Dragon*; it is, I suppose, for this reason that our democrats cry out against St. George, as "the most dangerous of Libercicides."

immediately "let slip the dogs of war," at every thing else that bore the name or marks of Royalty.

Their first object of attack was the Stage. Every Royal or Noble character was to be driven into everlasting exile, or, at least, none such was ever to be introduced except by way of degradation. The words your Majesty, My Lord, and the like, were held to be as offensive to the chaste ears of Republicans, as silks, gold lace, painted cheeks and powdered periwigs to their eyes. In short, the highest and lowest titles were to be *citizen* and *citess*, and the dresses were all to be *à la mode de Paris*.

That the Theatre might not suffer for want of pieces adapted to the reformed taste, the reformers had the goodness to propose *William Tell*, and several others equally amusing.—*William* was to be modernized: in place of shooting the governor with a bow and arrow, he was to stab him in the guts with a dagger, cut off his head, and carry it round the Stage upon a *pike*, while the music was to play the *Murderer's Hymn and Ha, caira*.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the gentlemen and ladies of the buskin (*Vivat Respubli*

ca\*) turned a deaf ear to all innovations of this kind. It was no easy matter to persuade people, who had been kings and queens from their infancy, to turn kennel-rakers and cut-throats all at once. In vain did the Crusaders represent to them, that their conduct was inconsistent with their motto, and that their vanity was like that of the Afs loaded with Relicks. Expostulation and menaces were vain: after having strutted so long in furbelowed brocades and White Chapel diamonds, they felt themselves by no means disposed to go slinking about the scene in an a—clout.

Some people may imagine, that this is all invention; but if they think it worth while to look over the Gazettes I have mentioned above they will find that the merit of it does not fall to my share.

To make the reader amends for *William Tell* I am going to treat him with a delicate morsel

\* These, I am told, are cabalistical words of amazing virtue. It was my intention to give the reader a satisfactory explanation of them; but, though I have consulted all the most renowned cabalists among the Democrats, I have not been able to procure it. Some say, that repeating them about nine hundred times every other day will change a high-flying Tory into a staunch Republican. Others say, they have no virtue at all: and that they mean neither more nor less than *Huzza for the strongest!*

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indeed; and, which adds to its merit, it is not in every body's hands, the publication, from which I have extracted it, being, thank God, but very little known.

“ PHILADELPHIA.

“ A new Song called the Guilliotine, sung  
“ at the celebration of the *fourth of July*, by  
“ a number of French and *American* citizens at  
“ *Hamburgh*. Written by the celebrated  
“ *Mr. Barlow*, who was then at that place.

“ God save the Guilliotine,  
“ ’Till *England's King* and *Queen*,  
“ Her power shall prove:

“ ’Till each anointed knob  
“ Affords a clipping job,  
“ Let no vile halter rob,  
“ The Guilliotine.

“ Fame, let thy trumpet found,  
“ Tell all the world around,  
“ How *Capet* fell:

“ And when great *George's* poll  
“ Shall in the basket roll,  
“ Let mercy then controul  
“ The Guilliotine.

“ When *all the sceptred crew*  
“ Have paid their homage, due  
“ The Guilliotine,

“ Let freedom's flag advance,  
“ ’Till all the world like France,  
“ O'er tyrants graves shall dance  
“ And peace begin.”

With respect to this tender madrigal, we are at a loss which to admire most; the style and sentiments of the "celebrated Author,"\* the delicacy of the Editor, or the taste of his readers. I say *his* readers, for I should be sorry to think it was the taste of the inhabitants, in general, of Philadelphia. However, I think the reader will agree with me, that, at a time when such a piece as this could possibly be admitted into a public print, there could be no necessity for a publication of *Sawney's Complaint*: to bring it out after such a tit bit as this, was as bad as serving up a mess of burgoo after a cramberry tart.

That there should be found amongst us men so vindictive as to pray for the murder of the King and Queen of England, people who had offended us, is not so very astonishing; unfortunately there are men of that stamp in all countries, and consequently, we must expect to find some of that description amongst those who live by entertaining the public. It is not therefore more wonderful that such a sentiment should find its way into a Newspaper than that

\* It would be worth the reader's while to enquire whether *this celebrated author* has never employed his poetic talent in making an addition to Doctor Watts's version of the Psalms? If this should appear to be the case it must be allowed he is in a fair way to become a universal genius, and an honour to his country.

it should be conceived. But that there should be found a *number of Americans*, or even *one*, capable of rejoicing and laughing at the tragic fall of the unfortunate Louis XVI, is a fact of such a horrid nature, that we wish not to believe our eyes and ears.

Who is not sensible of the efforts, the mighty, the successful efforts, made by that Monarch in favour of these States? Who is not sensible, that to those efforts America owes her Independence? Every one is sensible of it; and it is for this reason, that all parties join in celebrating the 6th of February, the anniversary of the conclusion of the Treaty of Alliance between Louis XVI and the United States.\* Recollect, reader, that the song above quoted, was sung on the *fourth of July*; on the anniversary of that Independence, we boast of as a sovereign good. Recollect that a number of Americans, assembled to rejoice on account

\* I say Louis and the United States, for it was *he*, and he alone. There were no Robespierres, no Barreres in those days: the king was absolute, and to him was the alliance owing and to nobody else. He was then as much, and more an absolute Monarch than he was at the beginning of the French Revolution; yet none of us ever dreamed of calling him a *despot*, a *tyrant*, "an *erminded Monster*." The Congress, the very Congress that declared us independent, declared him to be our *great* and *good* ally, our *deliverer*; and not a word about *despotism*. Whence come all these opprobrious terms now? From the ungrateful hearts of those who make use of them.

of this blessing, called to the universe at the same time, to witness their joy at the murder of him who conferred it! This was all that was wanted to the humiliation of the house of Bourbon and to the revenge of its Rival. Poor Louis might deserve something of this kind in the eyes of Englishmen; by them he might expect his memory would be execrated. Could he now look from the grave, what would be his astonishment to see them among the first to defend it, and some of us among the first, among the very first, to tear it to pieces? Could this innocent, this virtuous, this injured Prince, now behold the ungrateful hell-hounds, that from all quarters of the world, assail his reputation, would he not exclaim, like Cæsar when he saw the dagger of his beloved Brutus——  
*and you too, Americans?*

Let us leave these Bacchanalians, whose beverage is the blood of their benefactors, and return to our Crusaders; though I am afraid we shall gain but little by the change.

Their next attack was on all pictures, carved work, and stucco work. At the distance of a few miles from the metropolis, a tavern keeper, who, about a dozen years ago, hoisted the *Queen of France*, to attract custom to his house, found it necessary last summer, to sever

her head from her body, and set the blood streaming down her garments.\*

Who can have forgotten the card, sent to the Clergy and Vestry of Christ Church? This card begged, or rather demanded, of the persons to whom it was addressed, to remove the image and crown of George II. and to be as quick as possible in doing it, for fear it should endanger the salvation of the citizens; "for," says the card, "that *mark of infamy* has a tendency "to keep many *young and virtuous men* from attending public worship."

For my part, I look upon the destruction of this image and crown as an event of about as much consequence to the citizens of Philadelphia as the destruction of the *Swiss*, † *at the door of their Library*, would be. The church is full as well without it, as with it. I have frequented Christ Church for near about thirty years, without ever observing that such a thing was

\* The reader will undoubtedly feel a considerable relief, when he hears that this complaisant creature was a *patriotic Englishman*. But who were his customers?

† This image has obtained the name of the *Swiss* for two reasons: First, because the citizens of Switzerland are generally employed by other nations in the capacity of *Porters*; and, secondly, because their motto is, "*Point d'argent, point de Swiss*;" in English. "*No pay no Swiss*." I leave the reader to determine whether the name be applicable or not to the image in question.



on the walls of it; nor did I ever imagine that *my salvation could be endangered* by the form of a lump of stucco. In this affair, one would have wished only, for the sake of those who made the request, that it had not been made at so unfortunate a juncture. It was almost literally biting off the nose to be revenged on the face. George II. who died, God rest his soul, in 1760, could not help Sir Charles Gray's taking the French Islands, Colonel Brathwaite's taking Pondicherry, Lord Hood's taking Corsica, and burning the arsenals and Fleet at Toulon, nor Lord Howe's unmerciful inhuman battinado of the Carmagnole Fleet off Ushant, all which happened in 1794; yet, I believe, nobody doubted, that, if nothing of this kind had taken place, the "*young and virtuous men*" would have felt no qualms of conscience on account of the image and crown. If the poor image could have spoken, it certainly would have remonstrated against such an act of manifest injustice; an act transgressing all laws both human and divine. For, I believe it is a principle established in law, that thirty years, if not less, of uninterrupted possession, constitutes a right; and, though we have heard of the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children, it was left for these "*young and virtuous men*" to find out the justice of visiting the sins of the children upon the fathers.

Of a piece with this heroic action was that of the Democrats, of *Charleston*, South Carolina, when they precipitated the statue of the late Lord Chatham from its pedestal, and bragged in the gazettes of having severed the head from the body. If one were to ask these wise-acres, what honor or profit they could promise themselves in this triumph over a piece of marble, I wonder what would be their answer. It was not the English that placed it there; it was themselves. It was an idol they had raised with their own hands. Did they expect to find it, like the man's wooden God, stuffed with gold and silver? Had this been the case, and had their expectation been well founded, the profit of the enterprise might have kept them in countenance; but, as it was, their sally of fans-culottism has produced them nothing but derision; has fixed them as a mark, "for the hand of scorn to point its slow unmoving finger at." People compare them to the child who fights with his man of clay, and calls out to his playmates to admire his bravery. No wonder that the Jacobin Club at Paris should object to the adoption of ninnies like these.

I will not fatigue the reader with any more of these feats of modern chivalry; what I have here related will, I think, be sufficient to prove, that the pictures of half a dozen old kings,

painted with a Caledonian mop, were by no means necessary to frighten the people into Democratic principles.

I now come to an epoch of American fanculottism, that ought not to be forgotten in haste. I mean the beginning of the Western Rebellion. When the back door Clubs first received the news, they put a Janus's face upon the matter: they pretended not to approve altogether, of the *hostile* operations of their "Western Brethren"; but at the same time they took care to declare, that they would *never cease to oppose the law which had given them umbrage*. The manœuvres that were employed to prevent the Militia of Pennsylvania from turning out, and the sarcasms that were thrown out on the Jersey Militia, only because they did turn out, are fresh in every one's memory. As is the ever memorable petition that was presented to the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 6th of September last. The Legislature was no sooner met, for the special purpose of enforcing the execution of one excise law, than they were besought to assist in opposing the execution of another excise law! The petition was an appeal to the Legislature, not from an inferior, but from a superior Legislature; and, which is perhaps the most incongruous of all the incongruities that ever were heard of, at the head of the ap-

pellants was the President of one branch of that very legislature from which they were appealing!!! Had the President of the United States joined Citizen Genet in his appeal to the people, the step would not have been more ridiculous.

Nobody can doubt, that the scheme of the Democrats was by means like these, to deaden the limbs of Government, and then seize the reins themselves. But success was dubious; they therefore proceeded with caution. Look at, and admire their conduct, from this time, 'till they saw a sufficient force ready to march against their "Western Brethren." You will find them lying on their arms, silent and snug, but the instant such a force appeared, adieu all *relationship*: the poor devils were in a moment transformed from "Western Brethren" into "Insurgents," and (Oh, monstrous transformation!) even into "Royalists" if this be the way they treat their own flesh and blood, what have strangers to expect at their hands?

Let this be a warning to you, all you understrappers of Democratic Clubs; leave off your bawling and your toasting, go home and sell your *sugar* and your *snuff*, and leave the care of "*Posterity* to other heads;" for, when the hour of discomfit arrives, your Jack Straws and your C. Foxes will leave you in

the lurch. When you get your carcases basted, or, which is far worse, penned up within the walls of a jail, they will scoff at you, as the devil ever does at a baffled finner. This is an article of their creed. Do you want a proof of it? Look at their conduct towards their venerable founder, Citizen Genet: no sooner had the poor citizen made his political exit, than they began to "dance on his grave," as their brother Barlow did on that of Louis XVI. However, all their ungrateful efforts, all their unnatural malice has not been able to injure their immortal Sire. Though baffled and persecuted on this side the Styx, he has bribed old Charon to ferry him over into the Island of Bliss, where he may, uninterrupted by tormenting Aristocrats, sip the live long day, and the live long night too, at the lovely stream, flowing from the pure fountain of the purest democracy.

But to return; our democrats had another view in stigmatizing their "western brethren" for royalists, besides that of disowning them. They saw a good opportunity of throwing the blame on the shoulders of Great Britain, at the same time that they shifted it from their own. Thus, by a stroke of address peculiar to themselves, they turned misfortune to advantage: this was making the best of a bad market with a vengeance! Hence all the

grave alarming accounts of people's crying out, "King George for ever;" and of billets being "stuck upon trees, with "*British freedom will never oppose you.*" Billets stuck upon trees! Like those of Orlando and Rosalind, I suppose.

"Untill the tree shall quit the rhind,  
"I'll never quit my Rosalind."

This is very pretty in making love, but it is a romantic way of carrying on Treason and Rebellion, and seems to agree but very ill with the language of those gentle swains assembled at Parkinson's Ferry.

I must be excused also, if I do not give full credit to what the Governor of Pennsylvania asserted on this subject, when he was haranguing the militia officers to persuade them to assemble their quotas, for the purpose of marching against the "Western Brethren." "Listen," said he, "to the language of the *Insurgents*, and your spirit will rise with indignation.\* They not only assert that certain laws shall be repealed, let the sense of the majority be what it may, but they threaten us with the establishment of an indepen-

\* Ah, Sir! ought the Officers and Soldiers of the State of Pennsylvania to feel indignation against nobody but the *deduced* "Western Brethren?"

“ dent government, or, *a return to the allegi-  
“ ance of Great Britain.”*

Most people thought this was a *bolt shot* ; but they forgot that he said, in the same harangue, that “ from defects in the militia system, or “ *some other unfortunate cause*, the attempts to obtain the quota of militia by regular drafts “ *had failed.*” If they had recollected, that under such circumstances, the end of an harangue was to “ stir men’s bloods ;” and not to be very nice in the statement of facts, they would not have been surpris’d, that our Solomon (I can have no intention to hint, that the wise Governor has ever had *three hundred concubines* at a time) they would not, I say, have been surpris’d, that our Solomon should choose Great Britain as a spur.

Reader, when you were a little boy, did you never carry on a secret correspondence with the pies and tarts ; and when, the rattling of the plates, or some other accident, you were like to be caught at it, did you never raise a hue and cry against the poor dogs and cats ? Those who look upon the conduct of our Democrats as unnatural, forget their own little roguish tricks.

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I will venture to say, that there are not five persons in the United States, possessing a degree of understanding superior to that of the brute creation, who believe that the Rebels have ever had, from first to last, the least idea of seeking protection from the British. From whence comes the probability? *All* their partizans in this quarter were to be found among the revilers of Great Britain. Read their resolves, and see if you can find any thing that leaves them a possibility of fraternizing with the British. Besides, can any body suppose, that the British would have accepted of them? Unless, indeed, they had had them in Europe, where they might have employed them as a "forlorn hope;" as the Democrats have the poor Author of the *Political Progress*. I fancy if they, with *all* their partizans, and Tom the Tinker and his *prevaricating* Coadjutor at their head, had went and offered themselves, bodies and souls, to Old foxy Dorchester, he would have said, as Louis XI. did to the Genoese: "*Vous vous donnez à moi, et moi, je vous donne au Diable.*" \*

I ask any reasonable man, what they could possibly expect to do among the British? The British have so many of this stamp already, that they are sending off ship loads to Botany

\* "You give yourselves to me, and I give you to the devil."



Bay every month. Could a fellow, for instance, imagine, that having been the *secretary of a back door club*, would recommend him to the post of Secretary in Canada? Prudence would prevent the employment of one whose *only talent is, blowing hot and cold with the same mouth*; because such a person might become *the tool of every intriguing foreigner*, and, by his *prevarication*, might embroil the whole government. Would any one (except one *like himself*) put such a man in a post of confidence? I put this question to every thinking American, and particularly to every Pennsylvanian.

And with respect to *Tom the Tinker* himself (for he is, on every account, entitled to the pre-eminence,) what could he expect among the British? If he were to play any of his drunken tinker-like tricks amongst them, it would not be begging pardon, that would bring him off. If he were to tell them that his "hammer was up, and his ladle hot, and that he would not *travel the country for no-thing*," I am mistaken if they would not pay him off with a good five hundred lashes, well counted; for the British are punctual in paying their debts. They would teach him how to set people together by the ears another time.

Could a sot like *Tom* imagine that the Canadian ladies would have fallen in love with him, because his scull had often been decorated with a liberty cap, to testify his attachment to the nation from which they are descended? No; the ladies, all the world over, are from long experience, too well convinced of the truth of Goldsmith's maxim: "A man who is eternally vociferating liberty! liberty! is generally, *in his own family*, a most cruel and *inhuman* tyrant."

The truth is, those among us who have made the most noise, and have expressed the most rancour against Great Britain, seem to have done it only to cover their enmity to the Federal Government, and consequently to their country, if we may with propriety call it *their* country. Let any man take a review of their conduct since the beginning of the present European war, and see if this observation is not uniformly true. It was they who raised such a clamour against the President's wise Proclamation of Neutrality; it was they who encouraged an insolent and intriguing foreigner to set the laws of the Union at defiance, and to treat the Supreme Executive Authority as if he had been a *Talien* or *Barrere*, or the President of nothing but a Democratic or *Jacobin* Club; it was they who brought the vexations and depredations on the commerce, and

then guillotined in effigy the Ambassador extraordinary, the Angel of Peace, who went to repair their fault ; finally it was they who fanned the embers of Rebellion in the West into a flame, and caused fourteen or fifteen thousand men to be taken from their homes, to undergo a most fatiguing campaign, at the expence of a million and a half of dollars to the United States. The same perverse clan that heroically hurled down the statue of Lord Chatham, and manfully made war upon an image and a crown, endeavoured to introduce a law to prevent the President of the United States from being re-elected, and openly declared (by the usual vehicle of their manifestos, a gazette) that it was improper to send the Chief Judge as Ambassador extraordinary to England, because they might want him here to—try the President ! \*

It is rather an awkward circumstance, I must confess, that the meddling enemies of the British Government and of that of the United States should be the same; the fact is however indisputable, as will appear in a minute.

\* Will not the reader be surpris'd to hear that the following toast was a favourite with them? "May national gratitude ever distinguish Americans." This is a pretty clear proof, I think, that they did not look upon themselves as Americans; or, at least, that, in their capacity of Democrats, they looked upon themselves as exempted from all those moral obligations that bind the rest of mankind.

For proof, I like always to have recourse to what has appeared in print; words are wind; a man says a thing in earnest that he retracts by turning it into a joke. Besides, we say a hundred things in the heat of argument or passion, that we do not think: but writing, and particularly writing for the press, is a deliberate act. When a person sits down to write, his mind must be in some sort composed; time is necessary for the arrangement of his ideas; what he has written must be examined with care; he augments, curtails, corrects and improves. All this naturally implies the most mature reflection, and makes an assertion or an opinion in print be justly regarded as irrefragable. For this reason, I shall, in support of my position, bring an extract from a print whose character, in the *patriotic* world, yields to that of no one.

I have already done myself the honour of extracting a song from this print, after which its hatred to the Government of Great Britain will not be disputed, and, I think, the reader will soon be convinced that its hatred to that of the United States is equally sincere. Indeed the following extract bears in itself such ample confirmation of what I assert, that it needs no comment.

“ There is a set of men in this country  
 “ (America) who, to palliate, or rather deny the

“ mal-administration of Government, charge  
 “ the *discontents* and *clamours* of the people to a  
 “ restless temper, or the arts of factious and  
 “ designing men. In order to illustrate this  
 “ assertion, it is insisted that *our constitution* is a  
 “ perfection of human wisdom—it is admitted  
 “ that our constitution is excellent, and that  
 “ compared with the forms of government  
 “ which have preceded it, we really discover,  
 “ a superiority, that occasions a surprize that  
 “ the people are *not* happy and contented.

“ Whatever courtiers may please to say, on  
 “ my part, I feel no inclination to compliment  
 “ men in power at the expence of the disposi-  
 “ tion and good sense of my fellow citizens—  
 “ To charge a people heretofore distinguished  
 “ for their prompt and due submission to the  
 “ laws, and orderly conduct, with turbulence  
 “ and *unjust discontent*, or to suppose that the  
 “ good sense of American citizens cannot  
 “ penetrate the designs of factious men, are  
 “ assertions scarcely meriting serious atten-  
 “ tion.

“ The constitution of the United States is  
 “ free and excellent, and yet the people are *not*  
 “ happy and contented. In free governments  
 “ when the laws are well administered, the  
 “ national honour regarded, and the property  
 “ of the citizens protected, submission to the

“ law, and confidence in those who are charged  
 “ with the administration, will consequently  
 “ follow. But when the property of the citizen  
 “ is unprotected, nay even his *sacred* person  
 “ can find no protection\*—when the ho-  
 “ nour of the nation is become so *prostituted*,  
 “ that an invasion of territory or denial of just  
 “ right is submitted to with humility—when  
 “ the national honour cannot be asserted, be-  
 “ cause it might interfere with the *venal pro-*  
 “ *jects of a certain junto*—when every measure  
 “ which is *pretended* to be pursued for the pub-  
 “ lic welfare, is veiled with a mysterious secre-  
 “ cy becoming a *Turkish Divan*, and when  
 “ men are appointed to procure redress—in  
 “ whom the people most interested, *have no*  
 “ *confidence*, and against whom constitutional  
 “ objections are justly suggested—what are we  
 “ to expect?—disgust, discontent, and total  
 “ want of confidence must result.

“ That the people are dissatisfied, and do  
 “ complain from New Hampshire to Georgia,  
 “ from the ocean to the Mississippi, is what no

\* I wonder whether this furious Democrat would have the Congress go in person, and tear the Dey of Algiers's eyes out? How could they help the peace between the Algerines and Portuguese, any more than they can help its thundering or raining? I'll venture my life this liberty boy has never given a penny towards the ransoming of the prisoners in Algiers.

“ prostituted sycophant of power will dare de-  
 “ ny—That those complaints are too well  
 “ founded is our misfortune—--but if you  
 “ doubt, ask your merchant what redress he  
 “ has received for his *property robbed* and plun-  
 “ dered upon the most infamous prettexts? ask  
 “ your mariner what *redress he has received for*  
 “ *the loss of his hard earned services,\** for his  
 “ suffering by prison, ships, and impressment?  
 “ ask your fellow citizens from one end of our  
 “ extensive frontier to the other, what they  
 “ suffer? On the one hand they are exposed to  
 “ the murdering hatchet of the savage Indians,  
 “ and the encroachments of *the more savage Bri-*  
 “ *ton.*—On the other a *natural* right is withheld,  
 “ though *secured by solemn treaty.*—But under all  
 “ these disgraceful and distressing circum-  
 “ stances, we are told that our complaints, are  
 “ the ebullitions of a restless disposition, or  
 “ that they are created by the machinations of  
 “ a faction—for we have a most excellent go-  
 “ vernment, and virtuous, and great men to  
 “ administer it.--That the government is good  
 “ we believe--but without charging any par-  
 “ ticular branch of it, we shall not hesitate to  
 “ pronounce that our affairs are badly conduct-  
 “ ed and whether from the errors of ignorance

\* I suppose the reader knows, that Democrats claim as a natural privilege, an exemption from writing and speaking sense.

“ or the designs of wickedness, a remedy  
 “ should be applied---And thank God! that  
 “ remedy, though *not immediately*, will, 'ere  
 “ *long be in the hands of the people\**—then it is to  
 “ be hoped that the *true Republicans* of America  
 “ will unite, and hurl with just resentment  
 “ from their exalted stations, men who have  
 “ abused the confidence of a generous people.  
 “ —*To effect this*—persevere ye writers in de-  
 “ fence of liberty—and you *Popular Societies*,  
 “ relax not your laudable pursuits, your coun-  
 “ trymen shall bless you, and your honest zeal  
 “ shall be crowned with patriotic rewards—  
 “ let no consideration of past services, or tem-  
 “ porary dignity, deter you from exhibiting to  
 “ public view the *public servant* who has abused  
 “ *his trust*, or acts not for the interest of those  
 “ who constituted him. Disregard the insinu-  
 “ ations of men who object to such institutions;  
 “ no man would object to such societies, but  
 “ *one who wishes to reduce you to the condition of slaves*,  
 “ to deprive you of the right of thinking and  
 “ exercising your opinions upon public affairs,  
 “ or one whose conduct will not bear the test  
 “ of investigation.”

I could go on to a thousand pages with pieces of this cast, that have appeared within

\* This prophecy appeared in print about the 20th of July last, just at the time when the Rebellion in the West was breaking out; its date explains its meaning.



the last nine months; but, I dare say, the reader will excuse my stopping here. This piece was among the first I came at, and I have copied it word for word and letter for letter, without even the omission of a comma or a dash. Since the failure of a certain enterprise, there is no doubt that the Author or Authors of it would wish it turned into blank paper, but, alas! the wish is vain; in vain would they cry, with Lady Macbeth; “out, damn'd spot!” It is like——their reputations.

Thus then, I think, nobody will deny, that a hatred of the British Government and of that of the United States go hand in hand. Nor is the reason of this at all mysterious; it is not because of their resemblance to each other in form, nor, as the Democrats have ingeniously observed, because “there is some dangerous connection between Great Britain and our public affairs;” it is because they are both pursuing the same line of conduct with respect to clubs and conspirations. It is because they have both the same radical defect, a power to suppress anarchy; it is, to say all in one word, because they are *governments*. Great Britain has a government of some sort (nobody will deny that, I suppose), and this is sufficient to merit their execration. It is not the form of a government, it is not the manner of its

administration ; it is the thing itself they are at war with, and they must be eternally at war with ; for government implies order, and order and anarchy can never agree. The Carmagnole system (if there can be any system in annihilation) is exactly adapted to their taste and interest, a system that has made “ rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and sing.” If this were not the true reason, why such an eternal larum about the British Government ? What have we or our Democrats to do with it ? If the people of that country like it, why need it pester us ? That pious and patriotic Scotchman, the Author of *the Political Progress*, tells us “ to wish that an “ Earthquake or a Volcano may bury the “ whole British Islands\* together in the centre of the globe ; that a single, but decisive “ exertion of Almighty vengeance may terminate the *progress* † and the remembrance “ of their crimes.” Yea, be it even as thou sayest, thou mighty Cyclop ; but let us leave them then to the vengeance of the Almighty ; let us not usurp the place of the Thunderer.

Understand me, reader ; I would by no means insinuate, that a man cannot be a firm

\* And the Isle of Sky, that “ terrestrial Paradise,” among the rest ?

† If some such exertion had terminated another *progress*, it might have spared somebody a good many fits of the gripes.

friend of the Federal Government, and at the same time wish all manner of success to the French, in their present struggle for what their vanity and our complaisance have termed Liberty; on the contrary, I think it very natural for an American, who has no other idea of Liberty than that which is conveyed to him by his senses; who is not refined enough to taste that metaphysical kind of Liberty, that can exist only in a brain afflicted with the *mania reformatio*; who in short, has no notion that Liberty consists in yielding up the crop, he has laboured all the year to raise, and in receiving three or four ounces of black bread a day in lieu of it: it is natural and even laudable for such a man to be zealous in the cause of the French, who, as he is told, are fighting for Liberty; but even he ought to keep his zeal within the bounds of decency; when it breaks out into Civic-Fests, Cockades *a la tricolor*, and such like buffoonery, it exposes him to ridicule, and makes him one of the rabble. "Let the French wear their garlands of straw; let them dress up their strumpets in leaves of oak, and nickname their calendar; let them play those pranks at home and we shall be but merry spectators." These are the words of a gentleman, who seems to have been, on this occasion, and, indeed, on most other occasions, rather unfriendly to our

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allies. I am for carrying our complaisance further; I am for not only letting them play their pranks at home, but here also, if they please. If there be something, the seeing of which may turn to our amusement or profit, I see no reason why we should shut our eyes? Did not the wise Lacedemonians make their slaves drunk, and turn them loose, once a year, to inspire their youth with a horror for that beastly vice? In short, I am for hearing them, looking at them, laughing at them, or any thing but imitating them. Imitation here is ridiculous. When Shakespear wrote the character of an *Iago*, or a *Caliban*, and Moliere that of a *Tartuffe*, they certainly never meant to excite imitation. Thousands of mob crowd to see one of their friends hanged, but not one of them ever dreams of participating in the ceremony.

Talking of dreaming puts me in mind of a dream I had last summer, which is so a-propos to the present subject, and contains so many whimsical circumstances, that I flatter myself it will not be disagreeable to the reader.

In the month of *August* last (I believe it was on the 10th or 11th day,) I retired to rest about eleven o'clock; but the heat and musquetoës together prevented me from falling asleep, 'till the watchman had been round for

three. Soon after this I dropped off for about an hour and a half, during which time my fancy sported in the following dream.

I thought, I was walking up Market Street, by the side of Old William Penn, the founder of the city; who told me, that he was come upon earth again to see if his descendants, and those of his companions, continued to walk in the paths of peace and integrity. I thought, I asked him with a kind of sneer, whether he had not found things surpassing his expectation; upon which the old man after a heavy sigh, told me a long deal about freeing Blacks with one hand, and buying Whites with the other, about godly malice and maple-sugar, and about those "precious hypocrites" (these were his very words) Brissot and Warner Mifflin, &c. &c. &c. to the end of the chapter.

Before the good old man had finished his story, which, by the by, was a pretty tough one, we were, I thought, got to the upper end of Market Street, where we were stopped by a monstrous crowd of people, that not only blocked up the way, but filled all the fields for a great way out. I thought, however, that we wedged along among the crowd for a good while, 'till at last we could penetrate no further. Our ears were assailed from all quar-

ters with the firing of cannon, sounding of trumpets, beating of drums, ringing of bells, singing, hooping, hallooing and blaspheming, as if hell itself had broke loose. Yet, the crowd seemed not to express the least fear : joy seemed seated on every countenance, and expectation in every eye. We had not waited long in this situation, when two banners, at some little distance, announced the approach of a procession, at once the most ludicrous and most idolatrous that ever eyes beheld. I thought, there was a sort of pyramid, made of paper, with a red night cap upon the top of it, and carried by two Americans and two Foreigners, all of whom, like the pyramid, were dressed in red night-caps. Round the pyramid, marched, I thought, a bevy of virgins in white robes, each wearing a crown and cestus tricolor, and bearing a garland in her hand; and (what stuff do we dream of!) I thought these nymphs were ushered by nine or ten priests, whose only mark of distinction was a *nosegay* of *straw* tied round with a ribbon. I thought that behind these, came a company of artillery with their cannon, and that they were followed by a gang of music. Then, I thought, followed the two banners above mentioned; one of them having for arms the Imperial Eagle, just as it is seen on the standards of the Holy Roman Empire; the other was so black and dirty that I could not distinguish

its armory; it seemed, I thought, rather the ensign of the infernal regions than of any earthly nation. "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude that no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," and *colours*. I thought however I could distinguish amongst them (but it is all a dream) the *Chiefs of the State of Pennsylvania!*!

I thought, we followed this antick show into a spacious inclosure, where, on an altar, not of burnished gold, but of deal boards, stood *The Goddess*, the object of the Feast. She was dressed like the Cyprian Queen, when she received the prize from the Idalian Shepherd; that is to say,—in her skin: in her right hand she held a staff mounted with a night cap, and in her left a dagger: on her head she had a cap decorated, in appearance, with lilies; but, upon a closer examination, I thought, I found them to be real bells. This discovery, led me to perceive, that I had committed an error with respect to the identity of her person; for, hearing that her worshipers were called *cus-nus\**, I had concluded she was the Goddess *Cunia*; and in this opinion I was in some measure confirmed by seeing her surrounded with children: but the cap and bells set me right

\* This in the vulgar tongue; means, Bare—

at once; the *nosegay of straw* and pyramid of paper were no longer mystical; in short, I saw plainly it was the *Goddess of Folly*; which, I thought, was besides fully proved by the behaviour of the crowd. But still, the dagger remained unexplained; for, we all know, that that weapon is not among the insignia of this Goddess. In this perplexity I happened to cast my eyes downward, and, on the front of the altar, I thought I saw the following phrase from Voltaire: "*Sous ma tutelle les singes agacent les Tigres.*"

The Priests, I thought, were ranged round the altar, offering up their nosegays, and invoking the assistance of the Goddess, while the air rang with Hallelujahs. The invocation was no sooner ended and the benediction given by the High Priest, than the whole (not excepting the *Chiefs*, I thought, of the *State of Pennsylvania*) began dancing and capering *à la cannibale* round the altar, at the same time deafening the very firmament with their cries.

Here my venerable companion, who had been very uneasy during the whole scene, would absolutely stop no longer; and, to confess a truth, I began to feel a good deal uneasy myself. I thought, we got with some difficulty to the outside, and seeing a young fellow of a milder aspect than the rest, the old man ventured to ask him; *how long those people*



*had been pagans.* I thought, the fellow gave him a look of infinite contempt, and answered : “ I see you are a superstitious old fool, that knows nothing of the luminous close of the eighteenth century. Why, you stupid old dog, we are all christians yet : what you have seen to-day is only a jubilee, to celebrate the down-fall of *our best friend*, and the massacre of *nine hundred* of our neighbours by the hands of 40,000 of their countrymen.” —As he spoke these last words, I thought his person, which was that of a genteel and gentle American, assumed the hideous form of the terrific *Medusa*; his fingers were transformed into the claws of a tiger, the fangs of a boar hung down his foaming jaws, his eyes became a glaring ball, and his hair a bed of snakes, curling round his skull and hissing destruction. The poor old man, though immortal, was appalled, and rushed into the grave to hide himself from the petrifying sight. I uttered a shriek, and awaked; but awaking was very far from putting an end to my fright: still the noise continued, and still was I stiffened with horror; unable to determine whether it was a dream or not. My voice, however, had alarmed the family, and, Oh! how glad was I to find, that the noise I heard, was nothing but that of the French and our own *citizens*, assembled to celebrate the “ *Holy*

“*Insurrection*” of the 23<sup>d</sup> Thermidor, 10<sup>th</sup> of August, Old Style.

Ah! Mr. Author of *The Political Progress*; you think I have forgotten you, do you? You will find presently that I have not: but I must have time for sleeping, you know, whether I dream or not. I did not, like you, bring my pamphlet, ready fabricated, from Scotland; and, besides, I have better company than you, at present; you will therefore please to excuse me for a quarter of an hour longer.

In France, and, I believe, in most of the other countries in Europe, when a Mountebank Doctor, a Puppet Man, or any other of the itinerant tribe, enters a town, he goes round with a trumpet to announce his arrival. Tantarrah soon brings a troop of blackguard boys round him, and, thus attended, he struts about the streets, stopping from time to time to advertise the people of the unheard-of feats that are just going to be performed, and concluding every harangue with, “*bellow, you dogs, bellow!*” Upon this follows a noise, compared to which, the war hoop of the Indians, or even a debate in the National Convention, is melody. But, detestable as it is, it answers the purpose of the operator; for, though sober sensible people shun him, and all that belongs to him, as they would the itch or the halter, he generally finds dupes in too great abundance.

How often has this *tour* of European *Charlatanerie* been played off upon us, since the month of March, 1793! Since that time more money has been spent in drinking "destruction" to the combined despots, and *liberty* to the *French*, than would have ransomed our unfortunate, and I am afraid forgotten, brethren, who are groaning in chains in Algiers! Merciful Heaven! that hearest the moans of the captive, and seeest the hearts of all men, is this "*humanity*?" is this "*patriotism*?" If any thing could add to the humiliation of having been the Zany of a *Charlatan*, it would certainly be this.

Among the many shining talents of our Democrats, there is none for which they are more justly deserving admiration than their adroitness in transferring their attachment from one object to another. It is beyond the power of figures or words, to express the hugs and kisses that were lavished on Citizen Genet. The poor Citizen had like to have shared the fate of the image of Abel, in the church of our Lady of Loretto, which, we are told, is almost worn away by the ardent kisses of the pilgrims: for our pilgrims who went to meet the Citizen, were by no means less eager to give this mark of their affection to the great Alma Mater of Anarchy.—Such was their eagerness to obtain precedence on this joyful occasion, that very few parts, if any, of the Citizen's body, escaped

a salute; and before he arrived safe at the "Capitol" of some places, he was licked as clean as a bear three hours after being whelped.

For a long time *La Fayette* was their god\*; but it was found just and fit to exchange him for the "virtuous Egalité." *Egalité* was supplanted by *Danton*; the great and dreadful *Danton*, "who comes thundering on the Aristocrats, like *Neptune* from *Olympus*.†" But the Olympian thunder of this *Neptune* was obliged to give place to the "morals and religion of *Robespierre*." After his pious report on the subject of religion, which the Unitarian Doctor (*Priestley*) read "with pleasure, and even enthusiasm," it is thought, that our Democrats really began to believe there was a God; and there is no telling what a favourable change of conduct this might have produced, if the news of the unfortunate catastrophe of the 18th of July had not come to set their affection afloat again. Alas! it is now wandering on the sea of uncertainty; nor can we ever expect to see it cast anchor, till we know who has the secure possession of the Guillotine.

\* *Paine* dedicated his second part of *The Rights of Man* to *La Fayette*, and, in less than a year afterward, assisted in passing an act of condemnation against him; and another act, by which his innocent wife and children were left without bread to eat! Poor *La Fayette*! to make use of a parody on your own words, "May your fate serve as a lesson to demagogues, and as an example to governments."

† See the *General Advertiser*.

Yet (for, though I hate the very name of Democrat, I would scorn to detract from their merit) there is one character to whom they have ever conserved an unshaken attachment. How grateful must it be to thee, injured shade of the gentle *Marat*! whether thou wanderest on the flowery banks of the Stygian Pool, or bathest thy pure limbs in the delightful liquid of Tartarus, or walkest hand in hand with *Jesus Christ* in that Literary Elysium, the *Philadelphia Gazette*,\*--how grateful must it be to thee, though thou makest Hell more hideous, and frightenest the very furies into fits, to be yet adored by the Democrats of the city of *brotherly love*!

The American Union presents, at this moment, a spectacle that startles the eye of rea-

\* In this print, for the month of July last, is a list of Democrats, *the great benefactors of Mankind; Marat and Jesus Christ*.

I hope, reader, you are sensible of the benefits *Jesus Christ* has conferred on the world; but perhaps you may not know what has entitled *Marat* to an equality with him. Know then, that *Marat* was the principal author of the *Massacres* of the 2d and 3d September, 1792, in which upwards of two thousand five hundred innocent persons were inhumanly butchered; and that, after this, he openly declared in the National Convention, and published repeatedly, that another two hundred and fifty thousand heads were yet necessary to the establishment of French Liberty.

son. We see a kind of political land-mark, on one side of which, Order walks hand in hand with the most perfect Liberty; and, on the other, Anarchy revels, surrounded with its den of slaves. We see, that those who are most accustomed to the exercise of tyranny, are the first to oppose every measure for the curbing of licentiousness; or, in the other words, we see, that anarchy and despotism are the same.

If there could be found a person in this country who has a doubt of this, I think, the following authentic pieces would operate his conviction. We ought not to speak ill of our neighbours, but if people will speak ill of themselves, believing them ought not to be termed malice. Let us hear then what our Democrats say of themselves.

*Doctor Moore*, (who was far from being an enemy to revolutionary principles) speaks of *Marat* in the following terms  
 “ *Marat* is a little man of a cadaverous complexion and a countenance exceedingly expressive of his disposition; to a painter of Massacres, *Marat's* head would be inestimable.” In another place, he says: “ This *Marat* is said to love carnage like a vulture, and to delight in human sacrifices like Moloch, God of the Ammonites.” Here, reader, you see the man that the *Philadelphia Gazette*, whose end is the “ public good”) puts upon a level with the *Blessed Jesus!* !

*Toasts drunk on the 6th of Feb. 1794, by French and American Citizens.*

“ 1. The Democratic Societies throughout the world——may they ever be the watchful guardians of Liberty.

“ 2. Citizen *Maddison* and the *Republican party* in Congress.

“ 3. The firm patriot, and *true Republican*, Citizen Genet.\*——a salute from the French Sloop of War.

“ 4. The Guillotine to all Tyrants, Plunderers, and *funding Speculators*.

“ 5. May the flags of France and America ever be united against regal tyranny.

“ 6. The 6th of February, 1778, *the day which secured liberty to America*, † and sowed its seeds in the soil of France.

“ 7. Gratitude: The first of National as well as individual virtues. ‡

\* This was candid indeed. The Democrats might have left us to believe, that the “*republican party* in Congress” meant the real friends of this country: but they have taken care to avoid leading us into this error, by calling Citizen Genet, a *true republican*.

† Here they confess then, that the treaty with Louis XVI. *secured liberty to America*.

‡ Do you doubt of their gratitude? Hear them sing.

“ Fame let thy trumpet sound,

“ Tell all the world around

“ How *Capet* fell; &c.”

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“ 8. May laws and *not proclamations*,\* be the instruments by which free men shall be regulated.

“ 9. The persecuted Citizen Genet; may his country reward his honest zeal, and the shafts of *Calumny* levelled against him, recoil upon the *Archers*. †

“ 10. May all men who aspire to *the supreme power*, be brought below the level of their fellow citizens.

“ 11. The courageous and virtuous mountain, may it crush the moderates, the traitors, the *federalists* and all aristocrats, under whatever denomination they may be disguised.

“ 12. Success to the brave Republicans of *Louisiana*. ‡

“ 13. Destruction to the enemies of the French Republic, both by Sea and Land.

“ 14. Henry Grattan, and the Opposition of Ireland.

\* The reader hardly wants to be told, that the President's Proclamation of Neutrality is meant here.

† The President of the United States was the Archer that brought the Citizen from his lofty perch.

Reader, is it not rather surprising that Thomas Meffin, Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, should assist at the drinking of these two toasts?

‡ These Republicans were a gang of brigands, committing robberies in the Spanish territories, and who were proscribed by proclamation.



“ 15. Citizens Fox and Stanhope, and the  
“ Opposition in England.

“ 16. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—  
“ may they pervade the Universe. Three  
“ cheers; and a salute of three guns.”

To these extracts I shall take the liberty of adding two others; both from the same Newspaper. One of them is an elegant account of the close of a Civic-feast, and the other, though not absolutely on the same subject as the first, certainly adds to its beauty. The first is the precious jewel, and the last the foil. I shall therefore place them as near as possible to each other.

<p>“ After this the Cap “ of Liberty was pla- “ ced on the head of “ the President, then “ on each member. “ The Marsellois hymn “ and other similar “ songs were sung by “ different French citi- “ zen members. Thus “ cheerfully glided the “ hours away of this “ feast, made by con- “ genial souls to com- “ memorate the happy “ day, when the sons</p>	<p>“ For Sale,  “ Two negro lads, “ one about twelve “ and the other about “ fifteen years old— “ both remarkably “ healthy;—the youn- “ gest is near four feet “ nine inches high, “ and the oldest above “ five feet. — Also “ a negro wench for “ sale, coming eigh- “ teen years old, and</p>
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<p>“ of Frenchmen joined  “ the sons of America  “ to overthrow tyran-  “ ny in this happy  “ land.”</p>	<p>“ far advanced with  “ child — but very  “ strong and capable  “ of any kind of  “ work. ! ! ! ! ”</p>
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Leaving this without comment, I shall add an extract or two from a debate of Congress, which I shall also leave without comment: such things scorn the aid of declamation.

The subject of the debate I allude to was, an amendment to a bill of Naturalization. A member from *Virginia* had proposed, that a clause should be inserted to exclude foreign noblemen from becoming citizens of the United States of America, unless they would first make a solemn *renunciation of their Titles*. A member from New England proposed, as an amendment to this, that such noblemen should also renounce the right of *holding slaves*. On this amendment a member from *Carolina* said: “ That  
“ the gentleman *durst not* come forward, and tell  
“ the house, that men who *possessed slaves* were  
“ unfit for holding an office under a *Republican*  
“ government.—He desired the gentleman to  
“ consider what might be the consequence of  
“ this motion, at this time, considering what  
“ has happened in the West Indies.—His a-  
“ mendment would irritate the minds of thou-  
“ sands of *good citizens* in the *southern States*, and

“ it affects the *property* which they have acquir-  
 “ ed by their *industry*.—He thought that the  
 “ amendment partook more of *monarchical prin-*  
 “ *ciples* than any thing which he had seen for  
 “ some time.\* ”

A member from *Virginia* said on the same occasion, that “ He held *property sacred*, and  
 “ never could consent to prohibit the emigrant  
 “ nobility from having slaves any more than other  
 “ people. But as for *titles of nobility* they were  
 “ quite a different thing. † ”

Oh! happy Carolina! happy, thrice happy  
 Virginia! No tyrannical Aristocrat dares to  
 lord it over the free born swains who cultivate  
 the delicious weed, that adorns, first thy lovely

\* It is not amiss to hear *Republicans* declare, that *monarchi-*  
*cal principles* tend to *discourteance Slavery*. A doctrine like this  
 would surprize the partizans of Citizens Stanhope and Fox.

† This gentleman's motion against titled foreigners has ex-  
 cited some curiosity, and still appears inexplicable to many,  
 seeing that it was totally unnecessary: but, if we reflect, we  
 shall find it is no more than natural. It is in the heart of man.  
 Reader, you must search for an explication of motions like  
 this. When you go to take an airing in a chair, do you not find,  
 that every Drayman and Clodpole, you meet or overtake,  
 thwarts you in your road as much as he can? Does he not  
 force creatures, much more humane and polite than him-  
 self, to stifle you with dust or cover you with mire? Is it  
 not a luxury to him, if he can overset your carriage and  
 break your limbs? You stare and wonder what you have  
 done to the malicious Boor. Alas! you have done nothing  
 to him; all your fault is, having a chair while he has none.

fields and then the lovlier chops of the drivling drunkard! After having spent the day in singing hymns to the Goddess of Liberty, the virtuous Democrat gets him home to his peaceful dwelling, and sleeps, with his *property* secure beneath his roof, yea, sometimes in his very *arms*; and when his "*industry*" has enhanced its value, it bears to a new owner the proofs of his Democratic delicacy!

What a difference between these happy States and those vile aristocratical ones in Europe! There, as the poet says,

“ \_\_\_\_\_ a few agree  
 “ To call it freedom, when *themselves* are free;  
 “ A land of Tyrants and a den of Slaves,  
 “ Where wretches find dishonourable graves. ”

This I must confess is a gloomy subject, and therefore we will, if you please, reader, return once again to the *Political Progress of Britain*; for change, they say, even of calamities, is chearful.

Though the *encouragers* of this work might think it a means of deceiving the ignorant, and adding to the prejudice against Great Britain, yet they seem to have had another view, which perhaps the cudden of an author knew nothing of. The *Political Progress* professes to show “ *the ruinous consequences of taxation.* ” And, indeed, this is the burden of the song; almost.

every paragraph closes with melancholy reflections on the consequence of *taxation*. The author even goes so far, in one place, as to declare, that “ *the slightest and most necessary taxes, are very “ destructive.”* This it was that recommended the piece to the gentlemen who *encouraged* the author to publish it in America: it was so apropos too; so just the very thing.

With respect to the expediency of taxation in general, it is not to my present purpose to say any thing about it; every one that is not already upon four legs, knows that he soon must be so without something of this kind; what I wish to direct the reader’s attention to, is, the real object of the publication in question. If then he will take the trouble to compare the above doctrine on taxation, with that held forth by the “ Western Brethren,” and their relations in every quarter of the Union; and if he will please to take notice of the time when the *Political Progress* was preparing for press (the month of August last) he will, I fancy be of opinion, with me that the *encouragers* had the United States in their eye, much more than Great Britain. As if they had said: *look here, Americans, see what taxation has done in another country; and, if you do not put a stop to it, if you do not resist it with all your might, it will certainly do the same in your own.* The national debt, taxes, &c. of Great Britain were well adapted to their purpose;

they knew, by themselves, that the bulk of readers were incapable of going into calculations of this kind; of making just comparisons between this country and that: it was like reading the history of a giant to a pigmy.

Nobody can doubt, particularly if *country* be taken into the consideration, that the grinders and retailers of *Mundungus* were among the author's *encouragers*. I remember hearing a speaker of this honourable body, holding a talk to his brothers, in the month of May last, from the window of a certain State House. I shall not easily forget his saying, among many other things equally modest and unassuming, that he had told *the Secretary of the Treasury*, that if the *Mundungus* was taxed, "he would be *damn'd* if ever *he forgave him*, while he had an existence." His speech, though from the sample here given, it may be supposed to surpass in ribaldry those of *Tom the tinker* or even *Tom the Devil*, had an amazing effect upon the loons below, who were all watching with their jaws distended to catch, not the oracular, but the anarchical belches. When the resolve was put, it would have done your heart good to see and hear, what a forest of rusty hats and dirty paws were poked up into the air in token of approbation of "*no excise!*"

"Jack Straw at London—Stone with all his rout,  
Struck not the City with so loud a shout."

But this had no effect ; and now they run about, stunning us

“ With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,  
“ Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.”

It is certainly worthy of remark, that, among the speechifiers at this talk, there was but *one American*, and that, among the hollow boys, perhaps there were not twenty. How kind is this of foreigners, to come and put us in the right road, when we are going wrong !

Compare the principles of the supporters of this talk, and those of their “ Western Brethren,” with the principles inculcated in *The Political Progress of Britain*, and see if they do not exactly tally ; if they do not all point to the same object ; that is to say, to the undermining of all government, and to the destruction of the social system. Is it not fair then to conclude that *The Political Progress* was employed as an auxiliary in this laudable enterprize ?

If this was not its object, prithee what was its ? I would ask the lovers of their country, if such there are among the *encouragers* of this author, what good they could intend to render it by such a step ; I think they would be puzzled for an answer. Did they imagine, could they imagine, that his having narrowly escaped

transportation, in his own country, was a sufficient security for his being a most excellent citizen in this? Because his book had been burnt by the hands of the common hangman in Scotland, did they imagine that it was calculated for the edification of the people of the United States? That the author believed this to be the case is clear; otherwise he would not have introduced himself by exposing that, which he certainly would have kept out of sight, if he had been appealing to virtue or reason, instead of prejudice.

To what a pitch must this unmeaning, this fruitless ill-nature against a foreign country be carried, if to be declared infamous there, is become a recommendation here! If a fellow, to usher himself into favour, must cry out: *I have had a narrow escape! Look ye, good folks here's the mark of the halter about my neck yet!* If this be the case we may as well adopt at once that famous decree of the Jacobin Club at Paris, which requires as an essential qualification in each member, that he shall, previous to his admission, have committed some crime worthy of the gibbet! A regulation like this was very proper, and even necessary in a democratic club, and, for that very reason, unnecessary and improper every where else.

*The Political Progress* is in politics, what mad Tom's *Age of Reason* is in religion, and they



have both met with encouragement from some people here, from nearly the same motive. Had not the last mentioned piece been suppressed in England, there is every reason to believe, that it would never have rivalled the Bible among us, in so many families as it does. What a preposterous thing! People, who detest blasphemous publications, will tolerate, will read them, and put them into the hands of their children, because other people have declared them blasphemous! *Pope* would have said ;

“ Thus Infidels the true Believers quit,  
 “ And are but damn'd for having too much wit.”

To what deception, to what insulting quackery of all sorts has not this prejudice exposed us! A projector (and, I think, like the Author of the *Political Progress*, of the Caledonian race) proposed, some time ago, to change the language of the country. He even went so far as to have his scheme and proposals printed. As to the scheme itself, it consisted in the introduction of several new characters into the Alphabet, and in changing the shape, or manner of writing, of some of the old ones. To give the reader as good an idea, as he can possibly have, of the merits of this scheme, it will be sufficient to tell him, that the *i* was to be turned upside down, and the point placed under

the line, thus :. Ridiculous as this may seem, and much as the Author may, in some people's opinion, appear to merit a cap and bells, yet we must suppose, he knew whom he was making the proposal to. There is hardly any thing too gross for an appetite whetted by revenge. The *preface* to this greasy dab was a sharpening sauce, well calculated to make it go down. It was printed in the " Aməriçau Lanđuađə" (I go as far as " barbarian" types will permit me;) but, for the benefit of the unlearned, the Author had the complaisance to give a translation of it on the opposite page. This *preface* set forth, as near as I can recollect, that the United States of America having, by a most successful and glorious war, shaken off the disgraceful yoke of British Bondage, they ought to endeavour by every possible means to obliterate the memory of having ever borne it; and that, nothing could be more conducive to the attainment of this desirable object than the disuse of a *barbarous* language, imposed on them by tyrants, and fit only for slaves, &c. &c.— I would advise the Author never to read this preface in a stable; the horses would certainly kick his brains out.

Some readers may imagine, perhaps, that this is all a joke; but I certainly saw the thing, as I have described it, and in the hands of several persons too. It was in the month of October,

1793, that I saw it; it was in a small octavo volume, printed at Philadelphia, and the Author's name, if I am not mistaken, *Thornton*.

After this, who would wonder if some one were to tell us, that it is beneath Republicans to eat, and that we ought to establish a system of French starvation, only because the English live by eating?

There is nothing that might not be received without surprise after the project of this Linguist, and therefore we may remember with less astonishment the notable project of that Democrat Briffot, for curing the *consumption*. He tells us \* that our women are more subject to the consumption than men, "because they  
 " want (as they do in England) *a will* or a  
 " *civil existence*: the submission which women  
 " are habituated to, causes *obstructions*! dead-  
 " ens the vital principle and impedes circula-  
 " tion." As a remedy for this, he produces us, quack-like, his infallible nostrum, *Liberty and Equality*! Gracious Heavens! Liberty and Equality to cure the consumption!

Yes, let him persuade us, if he can, that our wives and daughters die of the consumption, because they do not, like his execrably patri-

\* See the 28th letter of his Travels in America.

otic *concitoyennes*, change gallants as often as they do their *chemises*. If he could even convince us of the efficacy of his remedy, we should certainly reject it, as ten thousand million times worse than the disease. And you, ye fair Americans, are you ashamed to follow the bright example of your mothers? Would you accept of Mr. Brissot's nostrum? No; you are too mild, too lovely, to become the tribune of a Democratic Club: your lily hands were never made to wield a dagger: you want no rights, no power but what you possess: your empire is much better guarded by a bosom of snow, than it would be by the rusty-battered breast plates, worn by those terrible termigants, the "heroines of Paris."

When I said that *we* should certainly reject Dr. Brissot's remedy, I by no means meant to include the members of Democratic Societies and others of that stamp; because they are so diametrically opposite in their tastes, to the rest of mankind, that I question much whether they do not look upon a pair of antlers as an honourable mark of distinction. Nor is it impossible that many of them may really be decorated to their heart's content; for, certain it is that the ladies do not bear them a very great affection. They imagine, and with reason, that the Democrats, in their rage for equality, may one of these days, attempt to re-

duce them to a level with their fable "*proper-ty.*" Besides, if they stood ever so fair in the opinion of the ladies, must not their grander frolicks, and their squeezing, and hugging, and kissing one another, be expected to cause a good deal of pouting and jealousy? And then, at the back of all this, comes their intriguing with that out-landish Goddess of Liberty! this alone must inevitably wean them from their lawful connexions: for, it is morally impossible, that one, who is admitted to clandestine familiarities with a Deity, should not disdain a poor thing in petticoats. La Fontaine has a verse which says, that a man can never bend his knees too often before his God and his mistress; but our Democrats have laid aside both God and. Mistress, and have taken up with a strumpet of a Goddess, who receives the homage due to both.

Being upon this subject, it is hardly fair to omit mentioning a great and mighty democrat who is universally allowed to be a perfect platonist both in politics and love, and yet has the unconscionable ambition to set up for a man of *gallantry*. He has taken it into his head to run dangleing from one Boarding School to another, in order to acquire by the art of speechifying a reputation for which nature seems to have disqualified him. My imagination cannot form to itself any thing more

perfectly comic than to see a diminutive superannuated batchelor, cocked up upon a stool, and spouting out compliments to an assembly of young Misses. Ah! dear Plato! take my word for it, if your reputation had been no higher among the Democrats than among the ladies, your name would never have found a place on their list. "Phyllis the fair, in the bloom of fifteen," feels no more emotion at your fine speeches, than she would at the quavers of an Italian Singer: for, though they are both equally soft and smooth, there is a certain concatenation of ideas (do you understand me?) that whispers her heart, that all you have said, and all you can say, is not worth one broken sigh from blooming twenty two. Hear what a brother democrat says\*.

"Fût-il forti de l'Epire, eût-il servi les Dieux,  
"Fût-il né du Trident, il languit s'il est vieux!"

This is a sorrowful truth; but, take heart, citizen: all men are not made for all things; if a man does not know how to play at cards, it is kind of him to hold the candle; he that has no teeth, cannot crack nuts: but that does not hinder him from preparing them for those who can.

\* Observe, that he was no democrat when he wrote these lines, or he never would have written them.

Now, reader, suffer me to return, for the last time, to *The Political Progress of Britain*; though I must confess it has acted only the part of an usher, it ought certainly to appear at the breaking up of the ball.

*The Political Progress* contains, among many other religiously Patriotic things too numerous to mention, a *prophecy*,—not of the destruction of the Whore of Babylon and the “*personal reign*” of Jesus over the Unitarians,\* but of the destruction of the empire of Great Britain! This is certainly a most desirable event, and so absolutely necessary to *our* happiness, that every thing which has been said on the subject, merits our attention. The Unitarian Doctor tells us, and in a sermon too, that his country must soon undergo a “*purification*,” or, as he calls it in another place, “*the destruction of them that have destroyed the earth.*” This opinion is a good deal strengthened by a volume of *dreams and predictions*, published at Philadelphia by a bookseller from North Britain, and the whole appears to be fully confirmed by this plain unqualified prophecy of the author of *The Political Progress*: “*A Revolution will take place in Scotland before the lapse of ten years at farthest.*”

\* See Priestley's Sermons.

If we want to know what sort of Revolution is here meant, we have only to look at the toasts drunk by the *republican* Britons at New York:—"A revolution in Great Britain and Ireland, "upon *sans culotte* principles—three cheers."—But the long term of *ten years*, mentioned in the Prophecy of the author of *The Political Progress*, has given a good deal of uneasiness to some of his zealous friends in this country. Ten years! 'tis an eternity! they thought the Woe-Trumpet had already sounded, and that the kingdom of Priestley's *sans culotte* Heaven was at hand. As a proof that I do not advance this upon slight surmise, I beg leave to remind the reader of what was said on the subject, in Congress, the other day, by that "true republican, citizen Madison."\* "If a Revolution," said he, "was to take place in Britain, which for my part I expect "and believe will be the case, the Peerage of "that country will be thronging to the United "States. I shall be ready to receive them

\* This is the same citizen who amused the Legislature last year with a string of Resolutions as long as my arm, about commercial restrictions with respect to Great Britain. They are now, and were then, called by way of excellence; "Madison's Resolutions;" but, though they caught like touchwood, touchwood like, they lay smouldring upon the table for nearly two months, without ever producing either light or heat. All the good they did, was to cost the Union about 20 or 30 thousand dollars in debates. O! rare Patriotism.



" with all that hospitality, respect and *tender-  
 " derness* to which misfortune is entitled. I  
 " shall sympathise with them, and be as ready  
 " to afford them whatever friendly offices lie  
 " in my power, as any man." 'Tis a pity  
 the poor devils are not apprised of all this.  
 It would certainly be an act of humanity in  
 our good Citizen to let them know what blef-  
 sings he has in *store* for them: they seem at-  
 tached to their Coronets and coach-and-sixes  
 at present; but were they informed that they  
 can have as much homony and fat pork as  
 they can gobble down (once every day of their  
 lives,) liberty to chew tobacco and smoke all  
 the week, and to ride out on the meeting-go-  
 ing mare on Sundays, it might tempt them to  
 quit their baubles and their poor bit of an  
 Island without a struggle, and fly to the free  
 State of Virginia.

And do you really imagine, Sir, that you  
 will see the Peerage of Great Britain come  
 thronging round your habitation? Do you  
 really promise yourself the extatic delight of  
 seeing them stand in need of your "sympathy,  
 "tenderness, hospitality and good offices?"  
 It is well enough for dreamers and Fortune-  
 tellers, for a baffled Unitarian from Birming-  
 ham, or a second-sighted Mumper from the  
 Isle of Skye to entertain us with such visions;  
 but for you Sir, whom the populace calls "a

“ damn'd Clever Fellow,” to become their dupe, is something amazing. If I am not mistaken, you observed the other day, that it was improper for Congress to meddle with the affairs of the Democratic Societies : and is it not full as improper for one of its members to turn Soothsayer concerning the affairs of other nations? And as for *sympathy* and *tenderness*, Sir ; these things, though amiable in themselves, may sometimes appear ungraceful. Certain Legislators have very wisely observed, that liberty is not a bird of every climate ; nor is *tenderness* Sir : and though I do not absolutely aver, that a Jamaica Slave-Dealer cannot possess one grain of humanity, yet I confess, if he were to talk to me of his *tenderness*, I should hardly forbear laughing.

Laying aside dreaming and soothsaying, what indications do we perceive of an approaching dissolution of the Empire of Britain? Has she lost an inch of territory, or has the enemy set a foot on any of her extensive dominions since the beginning of the war? Is she not in possession of almost the whole Western Archipelago? Are not her possessions increased to an amazing extent in the East-Indies? Has she not more men and more cannon afloat than the world besides ; and is she not the undisputed Mistress of the Ocean? For my part, the English are no particular fa-

yourites of mine ; It is nothing to me if their Island were swallowed up by an Earthquake, as the Author of the *Political Progress* says ; but truth is truth, and let the Devil deny, if he can, that this is the truth.

Are these indications of weakness and distress ? Are these indications of approaching dissolution ?

We were told the other day, by a newsmonger whom I have already mentioned too often, that "a verbal account, of the greatest authenticity had *confirmed* the taking of Amsterdam by the French ; and that as soon as the *official* account came, the Editor would not fail to sing forth, in the loudest notes, this *last stroke* to the power of *Britain*." Of Britain!! Of the Dutch, he means ; of our poor old friends the Dutch ! And what have they done to us ? The truth is, I believe, that the English would join us in rejoicing at such an event as this ; that is to say, when they have given the Hollanders time to carry all their treasures over to London. We pretend to laugh at John Bull ; but, I fancy, that John is at this moment laughing in his sleeve at all the world. The Baboon has been tearing himself to pieces 'till he is no more a dangerous neighbour to John ; and if he should now, in his mad pranks, give Nic Frog a snap, or even swallow him up (as he is very fond of

such diet,) it will only turn another grist to John's mill: John, if I know any thing of his temper, wants no rival of any sort.

Again, our Demagogues attempt to make our hair stand on end with the *Subsidies* the English are paying to foreign princes; and have the ingenuity to draw an argument of their poverty from a circumstance, which, above all others, proves their riches, credit, and consequence. What does our experience say? If we go upon change, we see people buying bills upon London at three or four *per cent* above *par*; but if a fellow were to take it into his head to propose the negociation of a bill on Paris, I much question if he would not get kicked out into the street. There is no friendship in trade. The exchange is no place for fraternizing. If I recollect right, the Secretary of State in his report on the depredations on the commerce, &c. complains that the French Convention had paid for certain cargoes of provisions in *Assignats*. In assignats! Morbleu! what would you have? Are we not told, by every looby of a Captain that arrives, that assignats are at *par*? And, what is more, has not the convention ordered them to be at *par*, on pain of the Guillotine? We have not, I think, heard any complaints against English Bank Notes: and yet *we know* the

English to be upon the point of breaking. What sort of work is all this?

But we are told that there *must* be a Revolution in England; for, that the people are all ripe for revolt. Where is the proof of this? Not in the conduct of their land or sea forces. At the beginning of the war, the Convention decreed, that the crew of every vessel captured from the English, should share in the prize. What good did this base satanic democratic decree produce? What good did the fraternizing speech of the Carmagnole Admiral do? I do not believe he even found time to pronounce it. How did the crew of the *Ship Grange* behave to Citizen Bompard, when he told them they were to share in the prize, and that they were not his prisoners, but his *brothers*? “No, said they, “you French B—r, we are none of your brothers” Alas! I see nothing here that affords the least glimpse of hope.—But the people are discontented, and complain of their taxes:—where? in England? or here?—But they have insurrections every year:—and every day too, if we believe our Newspapers; it appears however, that there has been only one in England, of late years; and that was *for* the government, instead of against it. A troop of horse put an end to that insurrection; while fifteen thousand men were obliged to march to

put an end to ours. But they have a dozen prisoners going to be tried for High Treason:—and have not we more than two dozen going to be tried for the same offence—O ! but they have their Carmagnole Clubs, and their Stanhopes, and Foxes, and Sheridans :—yes, and God confound them ! so have we, to our sorrow ; and have them we shall, till we take the same method with them that the English have been taking with theirs, for some time past. Suppose Bradford, the Wat Tyler of the West, were to get over to London, and write a *Political Progress of America*, foretelling the dissolution of the Union ; would he not deserve a horse-whip in place of *encouragement* ? When the militia was called out, and cannon were placed opposite the State House, last May, to keep off a gang of insolent sailors, were we apprehensive of a Revolution ? No ; but if our Democrats were to hear of such an event taking place in the neighbourhood of the British Parliament, I question but it might produce a Civic Feast.

Even suppose that that accursed thing, called a Revolution, were to take place among the British ; what good would it do us ? Would it weaken their power ? that cannot be because we say, it has rendered the French stronger than ever. Would it destroy their credit, and starve them ? No ; for our gazettes all assure us upon their words and honours, that the

French treasury is running over, and that the people's bellies are ready to burst. Would it make them turn atheists and cannibals? Yes, but then, it is a good thing to cast off superstition and punish Aristocrats. In short, which ever way I turn the matter, we are, according to my simple judgment, upon a wrong scent. We are wishing for a Revolution in England! and for what, I would be glad to know? to give the English a share of all the goody goodies, eh? No, no; they are the exclusive property of our dear allies, and, in the name of God, let them keep them all to themselves. To be sure they have just given *us* a taste, but then, I hope we shall have too much sense to run about crying roast meat.

Let us open our eyes; it is pretty near time, if we do not wish to be led blindfolded to the end of the farce, and even after it is over.— How can it be our interest to give way to this moody temper towards a nation, with which, after all, our connexions are nearly as close as those of Man and Wife? (I avoid the comparison of Mother and Child, for fear of affecting the nerves of some delicate constitutions.) Because a war once existed between the two countries, is that a reason that they should now hate one another? They had their battle out; let them follow the good old custom, drink and shake hands, and not suf-

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set themselves to be set together by the ears by a parcel of out-landish butchers. If the animosity were on the side of the British, they would have some excuse; it is almost impossible for the vanquished party not to retain some tincture of revenge; but for him who boasts of his victory to brood over his ill-nature, is to say the best of it, very unamiable. That maxim in war; a "foe vanquished, is a foe no more," ought ever to operate with him who calls himself the vanquisher, and, I believe, we should be very loath to surrender that title.

The depredation on the commerce is now pleaded as the cause of all this ill blood; but every man of candour will acknowledge that this is not the cause. The Newspapers teemed with abuse, the most unprovoked, unheard-of, infamous abuse against Great Britain, before a single American vessel had been stopped by the British. Do we find any thing of this kind in the English papers? Do the English publish to the world that they wish to see our Constitution subverted? Have they a *Marat* to mark out our beloved President and his Lady for the Guillotine\*? Do their

\* For you must know, reader, *Marat* published what *Docter Moore* calls "the bloody Journal." The Editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette* will certainly think himself honour-



Governors, Magistrates, Military Officers, &c. assemble with cannon firing, drums beating, and bells ringing to celebrate every little advantage gained over our troops by the Indians? Do they hoist the colours of our enemy, and trample our own under their feet, and *even burn them*?\*

But, say we, have we not a right to do as we please? Have we not a right to hate them? Yes; but do we expect them to love us for this? Do we imagine that revenge can find a place no where but in the breasts of Americans? Do we, because a set of fawning foreigners tell us we are the only virtuous people upon the face of the earth, possess the exclusive privilege of being systematically vindictive? Forgiveness of injuries is what we have a right to expect at the hands of all men; but love in return for hatred is what no mortal ought to expect from another; it is an effort beyond the power of human nature.

The publication of sentiments like these undoubtedly require an apology on the part of

ed by being compared to a person whom he has compared to *Jesus Christ*.

\* Perhaps the reader did not see the British Flag committed to the flames to appease the names of the heroes of the *Vengeur*? I did, and should hope to see the manly democratic scene repeated, if the *Carmagole Fleet* would but take another Cruise.

the publisher; but I think it is easily found. Many devout and sanctified christian Booksellers, indeed all of the United trade in the States, have assisted in distributing the AGE OF REASON; and not one of them has yet expressed the least remorse of conscience for so doing. Now, though it may be, and certainly is, a terrible thing to publish the name of Britain unconnected with execration, yet it is not much worse, at most, than publishing a libel against God.

As for myself reader, I most humbly beseech you to have the goodness to think of me—JUST WHAT YOU PLEASE.

END OF PART I.

*A BONE TO GNAW,*

FOR THE

DEMOCRATS.

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PART II.

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# P R E F A C E.

**T**HE people of Philadelphia, cannot have forgotten the violent movement that the first part of the Bone to Gnaw occasioned in the democratic society. They happened to be assembled for the purpose of taking into their consideration the alarming progress of Aristocracy in this "once happy" country; and it is said that citizen B—— F—— B——, the reporter, was reading the project of a decree on the subject. "Aristocracy" says he, "may be considered under two general heads, physical and moral, as my grandfather used to say. Of physical Aristocracy, there is an aristocracy of the belly; for often we see our neighbours dining upon a sirloin of beef, while we (which is very unfair) have nothing to gnaw but upon a shin *bo——*"; Bone, he was going to say, when one of my pamphlets, from an unseen hand, came, slap! against his lantern jaws. ———Reader, do you know

any thing about hunting? If you do, imagine yourself in at the death of a hare; behold the hungry pack rushing in all at once on their devoted prey, growling, snarling, yelping and howling, and you have a pretty accurate idea of the democratic club over the Bone to Gnaw.

Violent passion may be called the thunder of the soul, and, like the elemental thunder, it generally produces serenity. So it happened in the present instance; for, after the first furious howl was over, the Democrats fell into a state, which if it does not merit the name of serenity, was, at least, attended with all its propitious symptoms. Most folks began to hope that their tongues were locked up in eternal silence, and many were the congratulations I received on the success of my endeavours; but, appearances, it seems, were deceitful: some imaginary triumphs have awakened them from their torpidity; again they lift their Cerberian heads, again they rush forth; like the Hell-hounds of Guido Cavalcanti,

“Pursue their prey, and seek their wanted food.”

But though rather disappointed I am not disheartened. Hercules did not destroy the Hydra at a single blow.

Perhaps the reader may expect from me, on this occasion, an answer to citizen *Scrub*; but in this, I must forewarn him that he will be disappointed. I hate controversy more, if possible, than I do *sans-culottism*. The parties concerned in a paper war, usually bear an infinite resemblance to a gang of sharpers: a couple of authors knock up a sham fight to draw the public about them, while the booksellers pick their pockets. However, there is one passage in master *Scrub's* epistle that I cannot pass over in silence. He accuses me of rudeness and malice towards Mrs. Rowson, of the new theatre! this is amazingly cruel. To accuse me of malice towards an authoress, when I am the only person who has ever condescended to take the least notice of her works, and when my only motive in so doing was to drag her unfortunate play, "the Slaves in Algiers," from its dismal obscurity! I must confess that I have been severe on the romances that bear this lady's name; but then, it must be remembered that any censure passed on them, must be understood as dividing itself among all the writers from whom Mrs. Rowson has thought proper to borrow (mind, I only say borrow) and, consequently, that a very small portion of it will fall to her share.

"I do not surmise," says brother *Scrub*, "but I proclaim absolutely, that you are as base a

" poltroon as ever trembled." And for what?  
 " Because you have sallied forth in the *dark* and  
 " attacked the literary character of a woman."  
 But, be a little reasonable, Brother Scrub.—  
 This lady, whom you say I have attacked in  
 the *dark*, tells us, that " nature made women  
 " equal to men, and gave them the power to  
 " render themselves superior;" and you, my  
 dear Scrub, tell us, that she herself possesses a-  
 bilities far superior to mine; that she has be-  
 sides, a husband, before whom I should " stand  
 " no more chance than an insect under a dis-  
 " charge of thunderbolts; and that even you,  
 " her heroic Scrub," have ever stood ready to  
 interpose your shield in her defence. Now, I  
 will appeal to the candid reader, whether at-  
 tacking a literary Amazone like this, and thus  
 defended, be not a proof of bravery in place  
 of cowardice. As to the attack's being made  
 in the *dark*, Brother Scrub knows no more of  
 the fair sex than he does of me, if he does not  
 perceive that that circumstance was to her ad-  
 vantage. But he is all unreasonableness, all in-  
 consistency. One minute he says, the lady  
 despises me from her soul, and the very next,  
 he hints that I have drawn tears from her  
 " tearful eyes." If she has been seen to shed  
 tears lately, I presume it was for the untimely  
 fate of that last offspring of her miawling  
 muse, called " The Volunteers," and not on  
 account of any thing that could flow from my



pen. It would have been preposterous to scatter about those precious "pellucid drops," for a person whom "she despised."

I should be very sorry to regulate my conduct by that of Master Scrub; but he certainly steps forward with a very bad grace, to complain of my want of respect to Mrs. Rowson of the New Theatre, while he has not been ashamed to abuse, in the most outrageous manner, in language that would become a scolding queen of the fuds, or a drunken Drury-Lane bully, several ladies, who, independent of their being allied to men of the first talents, and most elevated situations, are objects of universal admiration and respect. I suppose that he, as a democrat, looks upon a play-actress as something better than the wife of a member of Congress; but for me, who cannot raise my ideas to the sublime "morality of the fans culottes," I must be excused for thinking otherwise. I shall still believe myself at liberty to speak without the least reserve, of the performances of those whom I pay for diverting me, while I shall be extremely careful not to "damn" like Brother Scrub, those whom fortune and merit have placed above me.

If Scrub can be believed, Mrs. Rowson intends to "indulge her audience with an epi-

“logue at her next benefit,” in which my quills are to be roasted. This, it seems, is to procure her a clap from “her heroic Scrub,” and much good may it do her!

This male virago, not content with accusing me of rudeness to Mrs. Rowson, hints that I am a hater of all woman kind. This is the most slanderous insinuation that ever dropt from the pen of malice. Is it not evident that I want the ladies to continue women, and not turn men? Scrub asks me: “can you prove that a male education would not qualify a woman for all the duties of a man?” If he means a man like himself, I will undertake to prove no such thing; for I have no doubt but any *scrubbing* old washerwoman would perform all the functions of a man every bit as well as he; but if he means a man indeed, I say that ——— and I appeal to Mrs. Rowson, or any other lady, for the truth of my assertion.

Brother Scrub’s condescending to become my biographer is a compliment that most assuredly I shall not return. Were I inclined to contradiction, there are, indeed, some malicious things in his epistle, that I could easily disprove: such, for example, as where he hints, that I am a bastard of old Dr. Franklin (and consequently a sort of an uncle to a

famous democratic newsmonger of this city,) and that I often dine and tope with Tom the Tinker. As to the first of these, the thing is not absolutely impossible; for, as the old women say, it is a wise child that knows its own father; and, as it is well known, that the old philosopher was by no means sparing of his electrical fire, my mother might possibly come in for a share of it as well as another: but, to say that I have been seen dining or toping with Thomas the Tinker, is a most infamous falsehood, and what nobody that knows me will ever believe. No; thank my God, whatever may be my birth, to whatever base born race I may have the misfortune to belong, I have too much grace for that. Were I inclined to contradiction, I repeat it, I could easily disprove every thing that the envy and malice of Brother Scrub has been able to suggest; but my vanity as an author has been so much gratified, by the many awkward attempts he has made to imitate the first part of the *Bone to Gnaw*, and by the madness to which that work has driven him, that to feign resentment on account of what he has said against my person and connexions is a stretch of affectation of which I am not capable.

I cannot conclude this preface, though already too long by far, without expressing my compassion for that hapless youth, the compiler of

the American Monthly Review. Hardly was he laid sprawling upon the pavement for being a *sans culotte*, when Brother Scrub assailed him from his garret, with a collection of filth enough to poison the whole neighbourhood, for being an *aristocrat*. This ought to convince him that it is impossible to temporize in these troublesome times. Let him declare then for one side or the other. No neutrality. If he will be a good lad, and turn aristocrat, I'll regale him every Saturday night, as the poets do his brethren in London, "with buckets of "broth and pounds of bullock's liver;" but if he still continues the equivocal being he has hitherto appeared, I abandon him to the jordon of Brother Scrub.

May 28, 1795.

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BONE TO GNAW, &c.

Part. II.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON A PATRIOTIC PAMPHLET, ENTITLED,

“ PROCEEDINGS OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.”

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“ Hell hears their pray'r ! all is not lost :  
“ Behold a chosen BAND, a HOST,  
“ Stand forth the champions of the glorious cause !  
“ The jails are opening ! hark ! the iron doors !  
“ Chains clank ! the brazen throat of tumult roars ;  
“ And, lo, the destin'd victims of the laws !  
“ Disgorg'd they pour in dark'ning tribes along,  
“ And mingle with our DEMOCRATIC THROG !”

PETER PINDAR.

I HAVE already observed, that this *patriotic pamphlet* is a multifarious bundle, collected “ from the newspapers ;” † after which the reader will not expect me to enter into an examination of every part of it. A few cursory

† See A KICK FOR A BITE.

observations will be sufficient to point out the degree of compassion that the *United Irishmen* merit from the people of the United States, as well as the thanks that the editor is entitled to for his disinterested endeavours in "the cause of civil and religious liberty."

The history of the *United Irishmen* will not detain us long. Soon after the ever-to-be-regretted epoch, when God in his wrath, suffered the tinkers, butchers, harlequins, quacks, cut-throats, and other modern philosophers, to usurp the government of France, their brethren in Ireland, tempted by the successful example, began with wonderful industry, to prepare for taking the government of that country into their hands. With this laudable end in view, they formed what they called their *society*, in the city of Dublin. To say in what manner they proceeded to business would be superfluous, since we know they were democrats.— Their meetings, as among us, produced resolves in abundance, and good fortune seemed for a time, to smile upon them. The press was suffocated with their addresses and letters of fraternity, which were swallowed by the mob, for whom they were intended, with an appetite which generally characterizes that class of citizens. But, all of a sudden, when they were in the height of their work, mangling the carcase of the government, the ma-

giltracy soufed down upon them, like an eagle among a flock of carion crows. Here was fine helter skelter; fining, imprisoning, whipping and emigrating; some ran this way, others that; some came to America to brew whiskey, some went to France to gather laurels, while others, of a more philosophical turn, set off to Botany Bay to cull simples.

Amidst all this bustle, it is very natural to suppose there was little time to think about securing the archives of the society, and it is to be feared, they would have been irrecoverably lost, if they had not already passed into the newspapers. To record, however, in a newspaper, is like writing in sand; the citizen editor, of the Pamphlet before us, has, therefore, extracted the *proceedings of the United Irishmen* from so perishable a register, and moulded them up into a volume, which may very well take the name of the *sans culotte manual*, for I am much mistaken if it will ever be used any where but in the *temple of Cloacina*.

However, the conservation of these inestimable archives does not seem to be the only motive that led to their publication. It is difficult for people to wean themselves from the customs of their own country; accordingly, it would seem, that the citizen editor has, on the present occasion, been actuated by his pre-

dilection of an Irish custom, full as much as by his zeal "for the cause of civil and religious liberty," or his attachment to the society of *United Irishmen*.

You must know reader, that, in good old Ireland, when a person of some distinction is to ride in state to his long home, the afflicted relations, not content with deploring the loss themselves (or having already exhausted their stock of lamentation), do generally employ a number of auxiliary females, of approved organs, to assist them in the discharge of this last duty to the deceased. The business of these matrons is, to line the road through which the corps is to pass, and to rend the welkin with that kind of warbling, which in their tongue is called the *Pillaloo*, and in ours, the *Irish Howl*. Now, ridiculous as this weeping by proxy may seem, we see that even philosophers have recourse to it, or something very like it, in desperate emergencies; for I am very much deceived if it be not in imitation of this custom that the *Proceedings of the United Irishmen* have made their appearance among us. The whiskey-boys and their partizans, the democrats, made their last dying speech and confession soon after the meeting of Congress, since when they have been turned off, without benefit of clergy, and citizen Stephens has been so obliging as to make his *United Irishmen* blubber out their *pillaloo*.



So much for the motives that led the disinterested editor to publish this work; we will now take a look at the work itself, beginning with the title.

If the title page to this *pittaloo* be not a bad one, it is not, in my opinion, so good a one as might have been chosen for it: *Newgate CALLENDER*, or something in that way, would have been much better suited to the contents: however, the *harp* with which it is decorated, expresses to those who understand heraldry, so nearly the same thing, that all the other hieroglyphicks are entirely useless. But, as if the editor were afraid that the *harp* was insufficient to indicate to us the blunder-buss materials of which the volume is composed, he has placed by the side of it a *liberty pole*, resembling, exactly, those made use of by the democratic sons of Wiskey. Nor must the motto of the *harp* be forgotten: "It is new strung and shall be heard." It is impossible to read this gaseonading motto, without calling to mind the story of O'Rourke, who, boasting that he had called king William a damned *tes*, for stealing the crown from his father-in-law, and being asked how it happened that the king did not chastise him for his impudence, answered: "By Jafus, man, and he must have had a long arm, for the sea was betwixt us."

“ Music,” says Congreve, “ has charms to sooth a *savage breast*; and, if this be true, few people will doubt that the harp, or, at least, some instrument, was necessary among the *United Irishmen*; and if a tune or two had been played, on a one-stringed instrument, over the hills and far away, last summer, it might have had a good effect; but let not the citizen editor think to treat *us* like savages; let him not think to make *us* dance round his liberty pole like fans culottes round their *arbre de la liberté*, or mohawks round a roasting warrior. I am not in the hearts of my neighbours; I do not know but they may, for the sake of a soothing air, let him put a ring in their noses, or even tattawa them; but, for my part, I beg to be excused: I abominate string music of every kind, and, above all, the *Irish harp* and the *Stotch fiddle*.

From the title page let us descend to the *dedication*. This is the only part of the book which has been composed in this country, and a precious piece of eloquence it is. “ *America! Virtue! Equality! Dignity of human nature! Aristocracy!—Slavery!—Chains!*” The very cant of the philosophic, philanthropic murderers of France. What an artful and elegant disposition of characters also has the editor taken care to make! Without aiming at a pun, it may be said that this piece is as

eloquent as it is possible for types to make it. If eloquence consisted in placing certain little pieces of lead in a row, citizen Stephens would be the Cicero of our days.

The citizen editor's having pitched on Mr. Pierce Butler for the godfather of his collection, has caused a good deal of mirth among those who have the advantage of being acquainted with that gentleman's political creed. To Mr. Butler's honour be it spoken, he was, perhaps, the very last person in the United States, (except myself) to whom the *proceedings of the United Irishmen* should have been dedicated. By this mistake the editor has told us (an accident that too frequently happens with the sons and daughters of St. Patrick) precisely what he intended not to tell us: for he most assuredly did not intend to tell us, that he had the vanity to wish to be thought intimate with a descendant of the *noble* house of Ormond, and that, as yet, he knew nothing at all of him but the name.

I like to see the haughty advocates for democracy, whose cuckoo notes cease not to stun us with the *dignity of human nature*; catching at every twig of nobility or gentility that comes within their reach. One might have expected that citizen Stevens would have shunned Pierce Butler, *Esq.* by instinct, as the noxious animals of Ireland are said to have shunned the serpent-

**killing Saint.** If all men are equal, why prefer a senator of the United States to a dray, or wheel-barrow man? If an aristocrat like me were to address a well-larded epistle dedicatory to some man of family, it would not be so very astonishing; but to see a *fans culotte*, *rampant* at the feet of the only person in the country, that boasts of having a drop of noble blood in his veins, is a phenomenon in politics that cannot fail of awakening in the beholder, a sentiment exactly the opposite to that of respect.

But, if there is something of the Irish turn in the manner in which this pamphlet has been introduced to the public, the work itself bears still stronger marks of its pedigree.

The ostensible object of the *United Irishmen*, like that of all other usurpers from the beginning of the world to the present day, was a *reformation* in the government of their country. To say much about a plan of reform proposed by a "band" of such obscure and illiterate persons as their proceedings prove them to be, would be paying ignorance too much attention, and would be, besides, in a great measure, superfluous, as we have already been favoured with the newest new constitution of a *sister* republic, of which that proposed by the *United Irishmen* was but a counterpart. I cannot however refrain from making mention of an argument they adduce

in support of *universal suffrage*. This is the master wheel in the machine of reformation, as it transfers the power from the hands of the rich into the hands of the poor; all government mechanics do therefore make it a principal object of their attention; but those of Ireland have made use of an argument in its support that I never should have expected to hear; no, not even from them. “The poorest man in the land” say they, “pays taxes for his fire, his candle, his potatoes, and his cloathing; and *the poorer he is the greater occasion he has for a vote*, to protect that little he has, which is necessary, not to his qualification merely, but to his very existence.” Now, unfortunately for the system of these legislators, they have here kicked down the whole structure of mud that those disinterested philosophical politicians, Priestley, and Price, whom they pretend to adore, had been so long in raising. *These* complained bitterly that an immense copy-hold estate did not give a vote, while a beggarly tenement of forty shillings a year did give one, and that an insignificant borough sent as many members to the parliament as a rich mercantile town. But, according to the reasoning of the *United Irishmen*, all this is perfectly right; for, if a man’s right to vote increases in proportion to his poverty, most certainly a little beggarly tenement must have a greater right to give a vote than an estate of

a thousand a year. In vain would the *United Irishmen* plead their privilege of speaking twice ; what they have advanced on this subject is too unequivocal to admit of explanations ; what is just when applied to individuals, is also just, when applied to communities, and, if what they say be true, *Old Sarum*, whose *poor one house* has been the stumbling block of all the re-organizers of latter days, has much more right to send two members to parliament than the city of London, which contains above a hundred and forty thousand houses.

The reader will undoubtedly perceive, that the eagerness of this "*band*" (the citizen editor might have added a couple of syllables to this word, without going beyond the truth) to obtain a participation in the trade of law-giving was to be no more than an introductory step towards a *participation* in something else : their great cause of discontent was, *they were poor while some of their neighbours were rich*. This, if I may so express myself, is the Nile of resolutions. The hungry part of the French nobility and clergy effected a revolution that they might share in the plunder of the rich, and for no other purpose whatever. *Mirabeau* was a gamester, and had been a bankrupt more than once : a well-timed sop to this *Cerberus* would have left the French king in quiet possession of his arbitrary power. On what trifling events

does the peace of nations sometimes depend; a pension, or a lucky hand at cards, might rid Billy Pitt of the barkings of patriots Fox and Sheridan; and who knows but something of the same kind might have prevented the manifestoes from Parkinson's ferry? "There is a "drug" (said Sir Robert Walpole to the G——es and Ma——ns of his day) "There is "a *drug*, that is to be found only at my *shop*," "which is a never failing cure for the fever of "patriotism." If our treasurer had been as able a physician as Sir Robert; had he been used to administer this precious drug in the same emergencies, perhaps the world would never have been entertained with many of those farcical resolutions and speeches, which have sometimes rendered legislative debate a sort of burlesque dialogue.

"Rebellions," says Swift, "ever travel from "north to south; that is to say, from poverty "to plenty." The Dean knew mankind pretty well, but not better than his countrymen, the *United Irishmen*, as we shall see by their address to the poor. "To you," say they, "the poor—"er classes of the community we address our—"selves. We are told you are *ignorant*; we "wish you to enjoy *liberty*, without which no "people was ever *enlightened*: we are told you

\* The Treasury.

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“ are uneducated and immoral ; we wish you  
 “ to be educated, and your morality improved  
 “ by the most rapid of all instructors, a good  
 “ government. Do you find yourselves sunk  
 “ into poverty and wretchedness? examine  
 “ peaceably and attentively the plan of reform  
 “ we now submit to *you*. Consider, does it  
 “ propose to do *you* justice? does it propose to  
 “ give *you* sufficient protection? for we have  
 “ no fear that the *rich* will have justice done  
 “ to them, and will be sufficiently protected.”

—In another place they tell their poor friends,  
 that it is the “ *unequal partition of rights*, that is  
 “ the cause of their poverty, and that *makes*  
 “ *them mob*.” It is thus that the ambitious  
 troubles of mankind ever find their way to the  
 hearts of the lower classes of the community.  
 They flatter their natural inclination, which is  
 ever to attribute their wants and misfortunes,  
 which are usually no more than the lot of hu-  
 manity, or the natural consequences of their  
 own idleness or profligacy, to the errors or  
 wickedness of those who rule over them.

By an *equal partition of rights*, there is not the  
 least doubt that the *United Irishmen* meant an  
 equal partition of *property*; it would have been  
 nonsense to talk about any other kind of *rights*  
 to “ the beggar on the bridge;” and, I be-  
 lieve, few people (I mean people of property)  
 will blame the sensible part of the Irish nation



for objecting to an equal partition of those rights. It is in vain for revolutionists to attempt any other explanation of the *equal rights of man*; it must ever end, as in France, in the ruin of the rich, and its inevitable consequence, universal poverty. If such people were to speak the language of their hearts, they would not say to their rulers, "you are vicious corrupt men; you are the curses of your country." No; they would say: "you are rich rogues while we are poor ones, change situations, and all will be right."

But, even admitting that a partition of property was not understood, that does not justify the address above cited. It is extremely dangerous to talk about an *equal partition* of any thing now a days, and particularly in a country, where those who are called the people, are (for want of education, no doubt) supposed to have but very confused ideas of *mine* and *thine*. 'Tis true, we are told, that that "most rapid of all instructors, a good government," would educate them in a trice; but, rapid as their progress might be, there is great reason to fear, that the partition might take place before their education could be finished, and then I leave any one to guess what a scratching and scrambling there would be. Besides, with these citizens permission, may we not doubt

that a good government is not so rapid an instructor, as they would make us believe? I fancy, nobody will say that our government is a bad one, and yet we do not perceive, that those of the lower classes of their countrymen, who do us the honour to come among us, improve so rapidly as they pretend. There are hundreds (I am afraid I might add a cypher or two) of them in these states, who, after a residence of several years, are no more able to distinguish between *mine* and *thine*, than they were the very first day of their landing. If any can doubt of this, let him pay attention to the advertisements in the gazettes, and if he still remains unconvinced, let him go into the *courts of Oyer and Terminer*.

This naturally leads us to another cause of discontent with the *United Irishmen*; namely, the *Criminal Code* of their country, “ The spirit  
 “ of our laws,” say they, “ is aristocratic,  
 “ and by no means calculated for the protec-  
 “ tion of the *poor*. To pass over the remark-  
 “ able instances of the game laws and stamp  
 “ act, we shall refer to a much more impor-  
 “ tant system, our *criminal code*. If the lower  
 “ classes of people had been represented in  
 “ parliament, when their *necessities* first urged  
 “ them to *insurrection and outrage*, parliament  
 “ would have enquired into, and redressed  
 “ their grievances, instead of making laws to

“punish them with death.”——“The acts,  
 “which are prohibited by *many* of our laws,  
 “are crimes: but the punishment inflicted by  
 “those laws are still greater crimes. The  
 “reason of this *disproportion* is, the rich man is  
 “never guilty of *sheep-stealing*, and the poor  
 “man has no one to plead his cause in the  
 “senate.”—Delightful doctrine! It is a clear  
 case, if the parliament were composed of  
*sheep-stealers*, sheep-stealing would soon be no  
 crime; and it is for this very reason, that all  
 those who have sheep, wish to keep them out  
 of Parliament. Oh! the unconscionable aris-  
 tocrats, not to set the patriot wolves to guard  
 their sheep! It was certainly very “*aristocratic*”  
 also to make laws to punish poor fellows with  
 death, for nothing but a little innocent amuse-  
 ment, called “*insurrection and outrage!*” No  
 wonder they should hie away to the west of  
 the Alleghany mountains, where (as they sup-  
 posed) they might recreate themselves, with-  
 out any apprehensions from the fatal fingers of  
 Jack Catch, and the subsequent operations of  
 those “flaying rascals the surgeons.”

However, I must be permitted to say, that  
 I cannot perceive the inconvenience of having  
 such a parliament as is not ready to obey every  
 mob, whose necessities may goad them on to  
 insurrection and outrage; on the contrary, we  
 have lately experienced the good effects of

having in assembly of exactly the same description. Nor can I, for my life see, why a rich man is less fit for the business of making laws, merely because he is "never guilty of sheep-stealing." The *United Irishmen* have here spoken out plainer than any other club of democrats that I have yet heard of; their principles have, indeed, been acted upon to the fullest extent by the sheep-stealing law-givers whom they had fixed upon as their model; but neither the infamous Barrere, Robespierre, nor even Marat, ever had the impudence to avow them openly. In short, when we hear the *United Irishmen* whining about their criminal code, we cannot help calling to mind the well known story of their countryman and the justice. "Don't cry, my lad," said the magistrate, "you shall have justice done you." "Arrah, man," replied Pat, blubbering, "and that's all I'm afraid of."

The *United Irishmen*, after having displayed all their eloquence in vain, to persuade their rich neighbours to consent to a partition, and to repeal the aristocratic laws that punish an honest fellow for sheep-stealing, threaten to leave them to themselves. "If a time of reform should not soon arrive," say they, "if this country should still remain abused and contented; there is a world elsewhere,

“ (I am afraid they mean here) to which we  
 “ will go: where freedom is; there is our  
 “ country, and there shall be our home. Let  
 “ this government take care: let them think  
 “ of depopulation, and tremble. Who makes  
 “ the rich? the *poor*.—Who makes the shuttle  
 “ fly, and the plough cleave the furrows? the  
 “ *poor*.—Should the poor emigrate, what will  
 “ become of you, proud, powerful, silly  
 “ men? Who will feed you, when hungry,  
 “ or clothe you when naked?” This is the  
 language that wins the heart of king mob.  
 What more than Hibernian front must a set of  
 begging Philosophers have to insist that the  
*poor maintain the rich!* No; you dolts, it is not  
 the poor who make the shuttle fly and the  
 plough cleave the furrows, but the rich. Ask  
 your brother sans culottes in France, whether  
 it was the rich or the poor. Here we have ex-  
 perience for our guide, and not your blunder-  
 headed projects. There are no more rich in  
 France, all property is annihilated; and what  
 are the consequences? The shuttle flies no  
 more, and the people are without bread. From  
 France, that country that sent such immense  
 quantities of linens and woollens into this  
 continent, to the islands, and to many other  
 parts; from France, that filled the world with  
 its ribbons, its laecs, its silks and embroidery;  
 from France, they now write to us for rags to  
 cover their bodies.

The emigrating menace\* concludes with the following declaration, which would not be at all degraded in coming from the mouth of a trader to the coast of Guinea. "Mankind, like other *commodities*, will follow the *demand*; and, if depreciated here *below value*, will fly to a *beter market*." I told the reader, I was afraid they meant America, when they talked about "a *world elsewhere*." I wish to heaven the greatest part of them would go to the other world rather than come here. They are right in calling it a *market*, but as to its being a better one for them than their own country, I must be suffered to doubt; for if they are of less *value* there than they are here, they are, alas! depreciated indeed. I have sometimes been surprized, that the traders to the Irish coast did not give their merchandize a different hue: by the help of a bushel or two of charcoal, and a few fleeces of black sheep's wool, a cargo might be raised from its depreciation. The planters in the Southern States might, indeed, object to this as an imposition (for I have been assured, by a friend in Virginia, that a cargo of black boys, is worth two of *white boys* at any time); but every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own;

\* It is worth while to observe here that this terrible menace has not been able to persuade the Hibernian Hidalgos to pass any law to hinder their *supporters*, the poor, from emigrating.

and, besides, this practice might spare the blushes that redden (or that ought to redden) the cheeks of the advocates for *liberty* and the "dignity of human nature," when they go on board to make acquisitions of this kind.

It would have been unpardonable in a society, like that of the *United Irishmen*, if, among their numerous addressees, none was to be found to the *fire brand* philosopher, Priestley. "Farewell," say they, in their consolatory address to him, "Farewell, great and good man!—Your change of place will give room for the matchless activity of your genius; and you will take a sublime pleasure in bestowing on Britain the benefit of your future discoveries." Every honest man ought to wish that this were true; for, the doctor has already made some discoveries of the utmost importance to future chemical emigrants, if he could be prevailed on to publish them. He might let his brethren into the secret of buying land (or rather rock) at a dollar an acre, and selling it again at nine pence halfpenny. This is a sort of anti-chemistry, by which copper is extracted from silver; and the process by which it is accomplished must certainly be a *desideratum* in the learned world. The doctor might also favour curious foreigners with the feats of those American *Magi*, vulgarly called land surveyors, whose potent art

levels the mountain with the valley, makes the rough way smooth, the crooked straight; whose creative pencil calls into being nodding woods and verdant lawns, and like the rod of Moses, makes rivulets gush from the solid rock.

“Farewell,” continue the *United Irishmen*, “Farewell, great and good man; but before you go, we beseech a portion of your parting prayer (down upon your marrow-bones reader) for Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Muir, Palmer, Margarot, and Gerald, who are now, like you, preparing to cross the bleak ocean.—Farewell! soon will you embrace your sons on the American shore, and Washington *take you by the hand*, and the *shade* of Franklin look down, with calm delight, on the first statesman of the age extending his *protection* to its first philosopher.” Here is certainly some mistake in the close of this farewell. What do they mean by the *shade* of Franklin’s looking down? To look down on a person one must be in an elevated situation, and, I fancy, it is pretty generally believed, by those who understand the geography of the invisible world, that Franklin’s *shade*, as it is here termed, has taken a different route. Indeed, this must be a *bull*; they certainly meant to say, that Washington would *look down upon him*, and Franklin *take him by the*



*band*; at least, this would be nearer the truth, for sure I am, that Franklin will take him by the hand before the President of the United States will. Oh! cruel disappointment! Philosophy is in tears, and unitarianism falls into hysterics at the thoughts of it! Fame, blow it not forth! Hush, babbling echo! Dear *Æolus*, let no malicious breeze bear it to the "land of roast beef!"

The *United Irishmen* shed an abundance of crocodile tears over Doctor Priestley and his friends Muir, Palmer, &c. and make out piteous stories about the tyranny of the British laws: but who will believe them? Nobody here, above the rank of a potatoe digger. The late trials for high treason, in England, furnish us with an example of integrity and impartiality in a court of justice that may be equalled, but that never has been yet. The *cobler* acquitted, and the *peer* condemned\* (the latter a friend to the government, and the former its professed enemy) while it leaves us but very little room to doubt of the guilt of the Botany Bay convicts, reflects eternal honour on British jurisprudence. Indeed, all the beneficent effects of the British constitution are now felt in their full force: never did it shine

\* I allude here to *Hardy* and *Lord Abingdon*, an account of whose trials the reader must have seen in the gazettes.

forth with such transcendent lustre as at this important and awful crisis. It was this constitution that first launched Britain from obscurity, that has since preserved her in so many perils, and that now bears her steadily through the revolutionary tempest, surrounded with the wrecks and ruins of her neighbours.

If the reader should be prevailed upon to allow, that some alterations was become necessary in this constitution, he will at once see, that the pretended reformers were the last people in the world in whose hands the business ought to have been trusted. For, had they possessed abilities adequate to the task, they never would have agreed among themselves. Every society, every projector, had a different plan. Muir, the convict, was for an Areopagus in the Greek mode; the *United Irishmen* paid us the compliment of imitation, in some respects, and the French in others; Paine would insist upon *organizing* the whole *à la mode de Paris*, and in this he was joined by Horne Tooke. But William's plan caused the most mirth. He had the penetration to discover, that mankind by advancing in knowledge, grew foolisher and foolisher; for this reason, he thought it necessary to give them a different direction, and, if his hand not been held, he would

have driven his countrymen back nine centuries at a single blow. In short, he was for reviving the Wittenagemot and Myclegemot of Alfred; and, accordingly, the eight millions of people who inhabit Great Britain, were to assemble every May day, under the great canopy of heaven, on Salisbury Plain, to settle the affairs of the nation\*! Into what shocking absurdities will not a factious disposition lead the man that is cursed with it!

Shall *we* blame the British then, shall *we* call them tyrants and slaves, because they have driven from among them these disorganizing reformers, who agreed in nothing but destroying, in nothing but doing mischief; and who, had they been suffered to proceed, would, ere now, have spread atheism and terror through the land, filled it with bloody tribunals, prisons and executions, reduced the happy Island (the country of our forefathers) to a ruinous wild, and left the starving sons of equality the miserable liberty of prowling about among the graves of their benefactors? Shall we applaud, shall we hug to our bosoms, these political serpents,

\* See "Ten lessons from an old Statesman to a young Prince."

who, by joining themselves to a desperate faction, would here revive their baffled projects, would here realize their schemes of equality? No; let America be what heaven seems to have designed it for, an asylum for the oppressed, but never let it be called the sanctuary of the infamous.

## DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES,

ILLUSTRATED BY EXAMPLE.

- 
- “ Du principe éternel ils nient l'existence,  
 “ Au nom de la patrie ils égorgent les rois :  
 “ Sur le débris du trône ils placent la licence,  
 “ Règnent par la terreur, et renversent les loix.”

UN LYONNOIS.

**T**HE proceedings of the united Irishmen, like those of the American self-created societies, contain general accusations against every branch of the government. An advantageous distribution of the words *liberty, tyranny, slavery, &c.* does wonders with the populace; but the intelligent reader looks deeper, general accusations do not satisfy him; he seeks for instances of oppression, before he will believe that a government is oppressive. Let us extract then the instances of oppression, complained of by the united Irishmen, from the bombastical rhapsody in which they are buried, and see to what they amount. They tell us that Butler, Bond, Rowan, and about four or five others, were

detained some months in prison; and that Muir, Palmer, and Margarot, with two or three more were transported; and all this, (they say) for having done no more than what the good of their country dictated. I am sure the reader is very well satisfied, that these men were all guilty of the crimes laid to their charge; but to avoid disputation with respect to this fact, I shall suppose them all innocent, and then the sum total of the tyranny against which the United Irishmen exclaim, will amount to eight or nine false imprisonments, and five or six unjust sentences of transportations. This is certainly a great deal too much: may the hand be withered that ever wields a pen in its justification! but, as the United Irishmen wished, as a means of avoiding such acts of oppression in future, to overturn their monarchical government, and establish a democratical one in its stead, it becomes incumbent on the reader who would not be their dupe, to contrast the conduct of the government which they wanted to overturn with that of the one they intended to adopt. They have represented the British government as being arrived at its last stage of tyranny, it will not then, I hope, be esteemed unfair, if I oppose to it the democratic Convention of France, when about the midway of its career.

- It is not my intention to give a general cha-

racter of this assembly; that would be superfluous: nor will I give way to that indignation, which every man, who is not by nature a slave, must feel at the very motion of such a divan. General charges against any man, or set of men, as they are very seldom accurate, so they are little attended to, particularly when addressed to a reader who is rather inclined towards the party accused. For this reason, I shall confine myself to a particular epoch and even a particular spot. Lyons affords us the properest scene to be described on the present occasion; not because the dreadful deeds committed there surpass those at Nantz, and many other places; but because, taking place within a short space of time, they admit with more facility the form of a compact relation.

In the perusal of this relation the candid reader will make me some allowances; my taste is far from the tragic; scenes such as these must lose half their terrors when drawn by a hand like mine; Melpomene alone should record the actions of the National Convention.

Some time after the death of Louis XVI. the city of Lyons was declared, by the Convention, in a state of revolt, it was attacked by a numerous army of *democrats*, and, after having stood a siege of above two months, was obliged to surrender. What followed this surrender it is my intention to relate; but first, it is neces-

sary to go back to the causes that led to the revolt ; for, though no earthly crime could justify the cruelties inflicted upon the brave and unfortunate Lyonese, yet those cruelties do not appear in their deepest hue, till the pretended crime of the sufferers is known.

By the new constitution of France the king could not be *dethroned*, unless found at the head of an army marching against his country. This was to be regarded as the highest crime he could possibly commit, and even for this he could be punished no otherwise than by being *dethroned*. “ *No crime whatever,*” says the constitution, “ *shall be construed to affect his life.*” This constitution every Frenchman had sworn, “ *to obey, and maintain with all his might.*” — When, therefore, it was proposed to the Lyonese, by the emissaries of the National Convention, to petition for the death of the king, they replied, almost with one voice: “ No ; we have sworn, with all France to maintain the New Constitution with all our might ; that Constitution declares that no crime whatsoever shall affect the life of the king. For any thing we have yet seen or heard, we believe him innocent of every crime that has been laid to his charge. The mode of his trial is unprecedented in the annals of injustice, the Convention being at once accuser, evidence, and judge. We believe him perfectly



"innocent ; but whether he be or not, the con-  
 "stitution that we have, by a solemn oath,  
 "bound ourselves to maintain with all our  
 "might, declares that no crime whatever shall  
 "be construed to affect his life ; that life,  
 "therefore, we cannot, we will not demand.  
 "The rest of the nation may sport with en-  
 "gagements which they have called the Al-  
 "mighty to witness, they may add the crime  
 "of assassination to that of perjury, they may  
 "stain themselves with the blood of their in-  
 "nocent and unfortunate prince, the Lyonese  
 "never will."

Reader, you will hardly believe that this an-  
 swer, so full of good sense, justice, piety, and  
 honour, drew down on the gallant Lyonese the  
 most dreadful chastisement, that ever was in-  
 flicted on any part of the human race. Read  
 and be convinced\*.

No sooner was the determination of the Ly-  
 onese made known to the convention than the  
 latter began to concert schemes of vengeance.  
 A numerous army was prepared, while the de-  
 mocratic agent of the convention, who still  
 had the executive authority in their hands, at  
 Lyons, spared no pains in endeavouring to

\* The facts here related are taken from an authentic re-  
 lation of the siege of Lyons ; that they are by no means ex-  
 aggerated the public will very soon be convinced.

drive the city to what they termed open rebellion, and thus to furnish a pretext for its destruction. The doctrine of equality, so flattering to those who possess nothing, had gained them many converts among the lower classes of the people. To these was committed all authority, civil and military, and it is hardly necessary to say that they exercised every species of tyranny that envy, revenge, and popular fury could invent. All this was borne with a degree of resignation that has been justly regarded as astonishing, in people who have since exhibited such unequivocal proofs of inherent valour. A sense of more immediate danger, however, roused them from their lethargy.

There was held, every night, a meeting of the leaders among the partizans of the convention. It consisted, in general, of men of desperate fortunes, bankrupts, quacks, the dregs of the law, apostate priests, and the like, not forgetting some who had been released from the galleys. In this infamous assembly, which took the name of *democratic club*, a plot was laid for the assassination of all the rich in one night: \* but this plot, notwithstanding the

\* This was their oath. " We swear to exterminate all the rich and aristocrates; their bloody corpses, thrown into the Rhone, shall bear our terrors to the affrighted sea."

precautions of the conspirators was happily discovered; the president *Challier* \* and two others were tried and condemned to die, the democrats were driven from all the public offices, and the former magistrates reinstated.

The act of self-preservation was called a revolt against the republic, and, in consequence of it, the convention passed decree upon decree, bearing death and destruction against the Lyonese. Thus, those very men who had formed a constitution, which declares resistance against oppression to be a natural right, passed an act of prosecution against a whole city, because they had dared to lift their hands to guard their throats against the knives of a band of assassins!

The city now began to arm for its defence; but being totally unprepared for a siege, having neither fortifications nor magazines, and being menaced on every side by miriads of ferocious enemies, the people were backward in deciding for hostility, knowing that in that case, death or victory must be the consequence. There were, therefore about ten thousand men

\* This citizen *Challier* was every way qualified for the post of president of such a club. He was looked on as a person of infamous character, before the revolution, and, since the revolution, he had imbrued his hands in the blood of his own father!

who had the courage to take up arms; but the desperate bravery of these amply made up for every want. During the space of sixty days they withstood an army of fifteen times their strength, plentifully provisioned, and provided with every instrument of destruction. Never, perhaps, were there such feats of valour performed as by this little army; thrice their numbers did they lay dead before their injured city.

The members deputed from the Convention to direct the attack, left nothing unsaid that might tend to the accomplishment of their object. They succeeded at last, in opening a communication with their partizans in the city, and in seducing many of the mob to espouse their interest. This was the more easy to effect, as the besieged were, by this time, upon the point of starving; the flesh of horses, dogs, and cats had been for some days their only food, and even that began to grow extremely scarce. In this situation, without the least hopes of succour, some of those who wished well to their city, and who had not borne arms during the siege, undertook to capitulate with the enemy; but these, knowing the extremities to which they were driven, insisted upon executing the decrees of the Convention, which ordered them to put to death indiscrimi-

nately all those who had taken up arms against its authority.

The besieged, then, seeing no hopes of a capitulation, seeing the city without another day's provision, and the total impossibility of succour from without (being completely invested on every side,) had but one measure to adopt; to cut their way through the enemy, or fall in the attempt. A plan of retreat was therefore, settled upon; the out-posts were to be called in, and the whole were to assemble at the *Vaise*.

In the mean time, the deputies from the convention, who were informed by their spies of all that was passing in the city, took care to have the road by which the retreating army was to pass well lined with troops. The whole country round was under arms. Every person was ordered, on pain of death, not to let pass, or give shelter to, a single Lyonese man, woman or child.

The out-posts were hardly called in when their stations were taken possession of by the democratic army. Being so closely pressed rendered the assembling at the *Vaise* more difficult; all was bustle, confusion and terror. Not half of those who were under arms, had time to join. A little corps was, however, at

last formed. It consisted of between three and four thousand persons all, headed by four field pieces, and followed by six waggons bearing the wreck of many a splendid fortune. Thus marched off the remains of these generous defenders of their city, bidding an eternal adieu to the scenes of their youth, the dwellings of their ancestors; resolving to die bravely, as they had lived, or find an asylum in a foreign land.

It was midnight when they began their retreat, lighted by the blaze of bombs and burning houses.—Reader, cast your eyes on this devoted city. See children clinging to their fathers, distracted mothers to their sons; wives, holding in their arms what they held dearer than life, forgetting all but their husbands, marching by their side, and braving death from ten thousand hands!

They had hardly began their march, when a discharge of artillery, bearing full upon them, threw them into some confusion. One of their waggons, in which were several old men and some children, was set on fire by a shell. Morning coming on, they perceived themselves beset on every side; they were charged by the cavalry, exposed to the fire of a numerous artillery, harassed at every turning, fired upon

from every house, every bank and every hedge. —Seeing therefore, no hopes of escape, they were determined to sell every drop of blood as dear as possible. They broke off into platoons, putting their wives and children in the centre of each, and took different directions, in order to divide the force of the enemy. But what were they to do against fifty times their number? The whole, about fifty persons excepted, were either killed or taken.

The victors showed such mercy as might be expected from them: not content with butchering their prisoners in cold blood, they took a pleasure in making them die by inches, and of insulting them in the pangs of death. Placing several together, they killed one of them at a time to render death more terrible to the rest.—Neither sex nor age had any weight with them; above two hundred women, thirty of whom had children at the breast, whom conjugal love had led to follow their husbands; more than fifty old men, whom filial piety had snatched from the assassin's stab, were all most savagely butchered. The death of *Madame de Visague* deserves particular notice. This young lady was about seventeen years of age and very near her time of delivery; a party of the democrats found her behind a hedge to which place she had drawn her husband, who was mortally wounded. When the cani-

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bals discovered her, she was on her knees supporting his head with her arms; one of them fired upon her with a carabine, another quartered her with his hanger, while a third held up the expiring husband to be a spectator of their more than hellish cruelty.

Several wounded prisoners were collected together, and put into a ditch, with sentinels placed round them to prevent them from killing themselves, or one another; and thus were they made to linger, some of them two or three days, while their enemies testified their ferocious pleasure by all the insulting gesticulations of savages.

Such was the fury of the triumphant democrats, that the deputies from the Convention gave an order against burying the dead, till they had been cut in morsels. *Tollet*, the infamous *Tollet*, a democratic priest (that is to say, an apostate) of *Trevoux*, went, blood hound like, in quest of a few unhappy wretches who had escaped the bloody 9th of October; and when, by perfidious promises, he had drawn them from their retreats, he delivered them up to the daggers of their assassins.

Of all the little army that attempted the retreat only about forty-six escaped; six hundred and eighteen were brought back in chains;



some of them died of their wounds, and all those who were not relieved from life this way, were dragged forth to an ignominious death.

During these dreadful scenes the deputies from the Convention, who were now absolute masters of the unfortunate city, were preparing others, if possible, still more dreadful. As a preliminary step, they re-organized the *democratic society*. To this infernal rendezvous the deputy *Javogues* repaired, and there broached his project in a speech, the substance of which was nearly as follows. After having represented *Challier* as a martyr in the cause of liberty, as the hero of the republic, and the avenger of the people, he addressed himself to the assembly in nearly these terms. "Think," said he, "of the slavery into which you are plunged by being the servants and workmen of others; the nobles, the priests, the proprietors, the rich of every description, have long been in a combination to rob the democrats, the real sans culotte republicans, of their birth right; go, citizens; take what belongs to you, and what you should have enjoyed long ago.—Nor must you stop here; while there exists an aristocracy in the buildings, half remains undone: down with those edifices, raised for the profit or plea-

" sure of the rich; down with them all\* :  
 " commerce and arts are useless to a warlike  
 " people, and destruction of that sublime  
 " equality which France is determined to spread  
 " over the whole globe." He told this en-  
 flaved, this degraded populace, that it was the  
 duty of every good citizen to discover all  
 those whom he knew to be guilty of having,  
 in thought, word, or deed, conspired against  
 the republic. He exhorted them to fly to the  
 offices (opened for receiving such accusations,)  
 and not to spare one lawyer, priest, or noble-  
 man. He concluded this harangue, worthy  
 of one of the damned, with declaring, that  
 for a man to accuse his own father was an act  
 of civism worthy a true republican, and that  
 to neglect it was a crime that should be punish-  
 ed with death.

The deeds that followed this diabolical ex-  
 hortation were such as might be expected. The

\* A hundred houses were destroyed per day by order of  
 the Convention. All the hospitals, the manufactories, banks,  
 &c. &c. were destroyed without exception. Before the re-  
 volution, that is to say in 1789, this city contained above a  
 hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; it was the second  
 town, with respect to population, in France, and the first  
 manufacturing town in all Europe. It does not now contain  
 seventy thousand inhabitants, and those are all reduced to  
 beggary and ruin. As for trade, there is no such thing  
 thought of. The last report to the Convention, respecting  
 Lyons, declares the inhabitants without work or bread.

bloody ruffians of democrats left not a house, not a hole unsearched; men and women were led forth from their houses with as little ceremony as cattle from their pens; the square where the guillotine stood was reddened with blood, like a slaughter-house, while the piercing cries of the surviving relations were drowned in the more vociferous howling of *Vive la Republique*.

It is hard to stifle the voice of nature, to stagnate the involuntary movements of the soul; yet this was attempted, and, in some degree, effected, by the deputies of the Convention.—Perceiving that these scenes of blood had spread a gloom over the countenances of the innocent inhabitants, and that even some of their soldiers seemed touched with compunction, they issued a mandate, declaring every one suspected of aristocracy, who should discover the least symptom of pity, either by his words or his looks!

The preamble of this mandate makes the blood run cold: “By the THUNDER OF GOD! in the name of the representatives of the French people; on pain of death, it is ordered,” &c. &c. Who would believe that this terrific mandate, forbidding men to weep or look sorrowful, on pain of death, concluded with, *Vive la liberté!* (*Liberty for ever!*) who

would believe that the people, who suffered this mandate to be stuck up about their city like a play bill, *had sworn to live free, or die?*

However, in spite of all their menaces, they still found that remorse would sometimes follow the murder of a friend, or relation. Conscience is a troublesome guest to the villain who yet believes in an hereafter; the deputies, therefore, were resolved to banish this guest from the bosoms of their partizans, as it had already been banished from their own.

With this object in view they ordered a solemn *civic festival*\* in honour of *Challier*. His image was carried round the city, and placed in the churches. Those temples which had (many of them) for more than a thousand years, resounded with huzzannas to the Supreme Being, were now profaned by the adorations paid to the image of a *parricide*.

All this was but a prelude to what was to follow the next day. It was Sunday, the day consecrated to the worship of our blessed Re-

\* If the reader has never seen a *civic festival*, and wishes to be fully informed about the *organization* of one, I refer him to the citizen democrats, who were of the committee of arrangement for the last *civic festival* that was held in the *city of brotherly love*.

déemer. A vast concourse of democrats, men and women, assembled at a signal agreed on, formed themselves into a sort of mock procession, preceded by the image of *Ghallier*, and followed by a little detached troop, each bearing in his hand a chalice, or some other vase of the church. One of these sacrilegious wretches led an ass, covered with a priest's vestment and with a mitre on his head. He was loaded with crucifixes and other symbols of the christian religion, and had the old and new testament suspended to his tail. Arrived at the square, called the *Terreaux*, they then threw the two *testaments*, the crucifixes, &c. into a fire, prepared for the purpose, made the ass drink out of the sacramental cup,\* and were proceeding to conclude their diabolical profanations with the massacre of all the prisoners, to appease the ghost of *Ghallier*, when a violent thunder gust put an end to their meeting, and deferred the work of death for a few hours.

The pause was not long. The deputies, profiting by the impious phrensy with which

\* It will hardly be believed in Europe, that some of the *Ministers of the Gospel* at Boston, in New England, put up public thanksgivings for the successes of these wretches.—The fact is, however, well known, and shall be well proved, before I have done.

they had inspired the soldiery and the mob, and by the consternation of the respectable inhabitants, continued their butchery with redoubled fury. Those who led the unhappy sufferers to execution were no longer ordered to confine themselves to such as were entered on the list of proscription, but were permitted to take whoever *they thought worthy of death!* To have an enemy among the democrats, to be rich, or even thought rich, was a sufficient crime. The words *nobleman, priest, lawyer, merchant* or even *bonest man*, were so many terms of proscription. Three times was the place of the guillotine changed, at every place holes were dug to receive the blood, and yet it run in the gutters! the executioners were tired, and the deputies, enraged to see that their work went on so slowly, represented to the mob that they were *too merciful*, that vengeance lingered in their hands, and that their enemies ought to perish *in mass!*

\* Let not the reader imagine that the Convention did not approve of all this. A deputation from the city went to Paris, represented at the bar of the Convention the devastation and carnage to which their city was a prey: but in place of being heard with that attention they deserved, they were thrown into a *dungeon*, and the Convention decreed that Lyons should be destroyed even to its very name, which was in future to be *commune affranchie* (free district,) and that a column should be erected to commemorate its having warred against *Liberty!*

Accordingly, next day, the execution *in* *mass* began. The prisoners were led out, from a hundred to three hundred at a time, into the out-skirts of the city, where they were fired upon or stabbed. One of these massacres deserves a particular notice. Two hundred and sixty nine persons taken indiscriminately among all classes and all ages, were led to *Brotteaux*, and there tied to trees. In this situation they were fired upon with grape shot. Here the *cannoneers of Valenciennes*, who had not had the courage to defend their own walls, who owed their forfeited lives to the mercy of royalists, valiantly pointed their cannons against them, when they found them bound hand and foot!—The coward is ever cruel. —Numbers of these unfortunate prisoners had only their limbs broken by the artillery; these were dispatched with the sword or the musket. The greatest part of the bodies were thrown into the Rhone, some of them before they were quite dead; two men in particular had strength enough to swim to a sand bank in the river. One would have thought, that, thus saved as it were by miracle, the vengeance of their enemies would have pursued them no further; but, no sooner were they perceived, than a party of the *dragoons of Lorraine* crossed the arm of the river, stabbed them, and left them a prey to the fowls of the air.—Reader; fix your eyes on this theatre of carnage—

You barbarous, you ferocious monsters! You have found the heart to commit these bloody deeds; and shall no one have the heart to publish them, in a country that boasts of an unbounded liberty of the press? Shall no one tell, with what pleasure you plunged your daggers into the defenceless breasts of those whose looks had often appalled your coward hearts? Shall no one tell, with what heroic, what god-like constancy they met their fate? How they smiled at all your menaces and cannibal gesticulations? How they despised you in the very article of death?—Strewed with every sweetest flower be the grave of *Mons. Chaquis de Maubourg*, and let his name be graven on every faithful heart? This gallant gentleman, who was counted one of the first engineers in Europe; fell into the hands of the democrats. They offered to spare his life, if he would serve in the armies of the Convention: they repeated this offer, with their carabines at his breast. “No,” replied he, “I have never fought but for my God and my king; despicable cowards! fire away.”

The murder *in mass* did not rob the guillotine of its prey; there the blood flowed without interruption. Death itself was not a refuge from democratic fury. The bodies of the prisoners who were dead of their wounds,



and of those who, not able to support the idea of an ignominious death, had given themselves the fatal blow, were carried to the scaffold, and there beheaded, receiving thousands of kicks from the fans culottes, because the blood would not run from them. Persons from their sick beds, old men, not able to walk, and even women found in child bed were carried to the murderous machine. The respectable Mons. *Lauras* was torn from his family of ten children and his wife big with the eleventh. This distracted matron ran with her children, and threw herself at the feet of the brutal deputy *Collet D'Herbois*.—No mercy!—Her conjugal tenderness, the cries of her children, every thing calculated to soften the heart presented themselves before him, but in vain.—“Take away” (said he, to the officious ruffians by whom he was surrounded) “take away the she rebel and her whelps\*.” Thus spurned from the presence of him who alone was able to save her be-

\* The reader's indignation certainly will not be lessened, when he hears that this *Collet D'Herbois*, this arbiter of life and death, was, before the revolution, a—*player!* It is even said, that much of the blood shed at Lyons may be ascribed to his having, some years before, been hissed from the stage in that city. There are a hundred persons now in Philadelphia who have seen him in the character of harlequin. Blessed revolution! that exposes a city of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants to the wanton vengeance of a diverting vagabond!

loved husband, she followed him to the place of execution. Her shrieks, when she saw him fall, joined to the wildness of her looks, but too plainly foretold her approaching end. She was seized with the pains of child birth, and was carried home to her house; but, as if her tormentors had shown her too much lenity, the sans culotte commissary soon after arrived, took possession of all the effects in the name of the sovereign people, drove her from her bed and her house, from the door of which she fell dead in the street\*.

About three hundred women hoped, by their united prayers and tears to touch the hearts of the ferocious deputies; but all their efforts were as vain as those of *Madame Laurus*. They were threatened with a charge of grape shot.—Two of them, who, notwithstanding the menaces of the democrats, still had the courage to persist, were tied during six hours to the posts of the guillotine; their

\* Citizen Benjamin Franklin Bache's gazette says, that "it would be an easy matter to apologize for all the murders committed in France;" let him apologize for this. Not that I imagine he cannot do it, according to the democratic creed, but it would be curious to hear his apology. Doctor Priestly also, says, that all these things are for the good of the Unitarian religion, and therefore says he, "we must look upon them as a *blessing!*"

"Thus, if eternal justice rule the ball,  
"Thus shall their wives, and thus their children fall."

own husbands were executed before their eyes, and their blood sprinkled over them!

*Mademoiselle Servan*, a lovely young woman of about eighteen years of age, was executed, because she would not *discover the retreat of her father!* "What!" (said she nobly, to the democratic committee) "What! betray my father! impious villains, how dare you suppose it?"

*Madame Cochet*, a lady equally famed for her beauty and her courage, was accused of having put the match to a cannon during the siege, and of having *assisted in her husband's escape*. She was condemned to suffer death; she declared herself with child, and the truth of this declaration was attested by two surgeons. In vain did she implore a respite; in vain did she plead the innocence of the child that was in her womb: her head was severed

\* Too much cannot be said in praise of the intrepidity of the *Romish* priests. No terrors, no torments, could bring them to confess that they had done wrong in adhering to the Catholic church. They suffered death with a degree of cheerfulness that never has been surpassed.—

*Mr. Maupetit* also deserves to be immortalized. He was taken prisoner during the siege; but he did not, like the poltroon Brutus, put an end to his life for fear of the scoffs of his enemies. He suffered himself to be buried alive, up to his neck, in which situation his head was mashed to pieces by four-pound balls, that his enemies tossed at it in derision, all which he endured without one plaintive accent.

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from her body amidst the death howl of the democratic brigands.

Pause here reader, and imagine, if you can, another crime worthy of being added to those already mentioned.—Yes, there is one more, and hell would not have been satisfied, if its ministers had left it uncommitted—*Libidinous brutality!* *Javogues*, one of the deputies from the Convention opened the career. His example was followed by the soldiery and the mob in general. The wives and daughters of almost all the respectable inhabitants, particularly of such as had emigrated, or who were murdered, or in prison, were put *in a state of requisition*, and were ordered on pain of death, to hold their *bodies* (I spare the reader the term made use of in the decree) in readiness for the embraces of the true republicans! Nor were they content with violation: the first ladies of the city were led to the tree of *Liberty*, (of *Liberty!*) and there made to take the hands of chimney sweepers and common felons! Detestable wretches! at the very name of democrat, humanity shudders, and modesty hides its head!

I will not insult the reader's feelings by desiring him to compare the pretended tyranny of the British government with that I have here related; nor will I tell the *United Irishmen*,

that even an *Irish massacre* is nothing compared to the exercise of the *democratic laws* of France; but I will ask them to produce me, if they can, an instance of such consummate tyranny, in any government, or in any nation. *Queen Mary* of England, during a reign of five years, caused about 500 innocent persons to be put to death; for this, posterity has, and very justly too, branded her with the sur-name of *Bloody*. What sur-name then, shall be given to the Assembly that caused more than that number to be executed *in one day*, at Lyons? The massacre of St. Bartholomew, an event that filled all Europe with consternation, the infamy and horrors of which have been dwelt on by so many eloquent writers of all religions, and that has held Charles the IXth. up to the execration of ages, dwindles into child's play, when compared to the present murderous revolution, which a late writer in France emphatically calls "a St. Bartholomew of five years.\*" According to *Mons.*

\* Charles IX, bigotted and bloody minded as he was durst not attempt that tone of tyranny which has been assumed by the National Convention; there was some honour among the Frenchmen of those days. The *Governor of Bayonne* having received the order for the massacre of the Protestants of that city, wrote to the king: "Sire, I have found in your city of *Bayonne* none but loyal subjects, and not a single cut-throat." At Lyons, the common hangman being ordered to enter a prison, and dispatch two or three protestants: "No," said he, "I am

*Bassuet*, there were about 30,000 persons murdered, in all France, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew; there has been more than that number murdered in the single city of Lyons and its neighbourhood: at Nantes there have been 27,000; at Paris, 150,000; in La Vendée, 300,000 † In short, it appears that there have been *two millions* of persons murdered in France, since it has called itself a Republic, among whom are reckoned *two hundred and fifty thousand* WOMEN, *two hundred and thirty thousand* children (besides those murdered in the womb,) and *twenty-four thousand* Christian Priests!

And is there, can there be, a faction in AMERICA—in ENGLAND—so cruel, so bloody minded, as to wish to see these scenes repeated in their own, or *any other* country? If there be—GREAT GOD! DO THOU METE TO THEM, TEN FOLD, THE MEASURE THEY WOULD METE

“an executioner, but *no murderer.*” Let any man produce me, if he can, a single instance of this kind among the republican French: let him tell me when a democrat has been known to refuse to shed blood. The common hangman at Lyons, when France was a monarchy, entertained a higher sense of honour than has yet been expressed by any member of the National Convention.

† This computation is taken from *Les Détails des Cruautés des Jacobins*, lately published at Paris.

TO OTHERS;—AFFLICT ON THEM EVERY CURSE  
OF WHICH HUMAN NATURE IS SUSCEPTIBLE;—  
HURL ON THEM THE REDDEST THUNDERBOLTS;  
SWEEP THE SANGUINARY RACE FROM THE FACE  
OF THE CREATION !!!

DEMOCRATIC

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# DEMOCRATIC MEMOIRS,

OR AN ACCOUNT OF SOME RECENT FEATS

PERFORMED BY THE FRENCHIFIED CITIZENS

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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**I**F such, then, are the principles of those men, called democrats, ought not every good man in this country to be very cautious how he gives them the least countenance? Ought he not to follow them in all their actions with an attentive eye, and let slip no opportunity of exposing their ambitious and destructive designs? For my part, I by no means desire to assume the dubious name of patriot, what I am doing, I CONCEIVE TO BE MY DUTY, which consideration, as it will justify the undertaking, will in some measure apologise for the want of abilities that may appear in the execution.



Upon a view of the horrible revolution that at present agitates the world, we perceive that, though the grand object of the democrats has been every where the same, yet their pretended motives have varied with their situation. In America, where the Federal Constitution had just been put in movement, and had begun to extend its beneficent effects, it was impossible to talk of *reformation*; at least it was impossible to make the people believe that it was necessary. The well known wisdom and integrity, and the eminent services of the President, had engraven such an indelible attachment for his person on the hearts of *Americans*, that his reputation; or his measures, could be touched but with a very delicate hand. A plan of indirect operations was therefore fixed upon; and it must be allowed, that, by the help of a foreign agent, it was not badly combined. The outlines of this plan were, to extol to the skies every act of the boxing legislators of France; to dazzle *those who have nothing* with the "sublime system of equality;" to make occasional reflections on the resemblance between this government and that of Great Britain; to condemn the British laws (and consequently, our own at the same time) as aristocratic, and from thence to insinuate that "*something yet remained to be done*;" and finally, to throw a veil over the insults and injuries received

from France, represent all the actions of Great Britain in the most odious light, plunge us into a war with the latter, put us under the tutelage of the former, and re-call the glorious times of violence and plunder. Thanks to an *energetic* government: thanks to the steady conduct of the executive power, this abominable plan has been disconcerted; the phalanx has been broken; but it is nevertheless prudent to pursue the scattered remains, draw them from their cabaling assemblies, and stretch them on the rack of public contempt.

For the advancement of the patriotic plan above mentioned, nothing could be more convenient than the assistance of those British emigrants, who for want of sense, want of principle, or want of victuals, were ready to sell themselves to work evil. The reader has seen\* to what advantage they turned the apostate paw of a mountaineer from Scotland, and he cannot but have observed what a considerable part these *persecuted emigrants* have borne in all the violent abuse that has been poured out against the Federal government for two years past.† They are a set of under devils,

\* See the first part of the *Bone to Gnaw*.

† Not to go back for an example, let the reader consult the *Philadelphia Gazette* of 16th May, 1795, and he will

as necessary to their chiefs as Wacum to Si-drophel, or Belzebub to Lucifer.

If men are to be judged of by the friendships they form, what must we think of our democrats, when we hear them fighting for their friends, "the illustrious citizens, sent to Botany Bay?" Never, I am sure, did *Leander* make louder lamentations for his love, than they for their virtuous *Muir*. It is to be regretted that they possess the whining part only of *Leander's* character; how happy should we be, if they would but rush into the sea as he did into the Hellepont! However, if the treaty with Great Britain should bring us an inch of territory in New Holland (a thing that would prove the providential care of Government,) some of them may yet meet their long lost friend, without acting the part of despairing lovers.

A company of our countrymen (who undoubtedly do us a great deal of honour,) assembled some time ago to pass compliments on their own patriotism and bravery, thought it but just to do the same by their friends all over the world, and particularly to the "*Botany Bay*

there find a piece intended to stir up the lower orders of the people of this city to oppose the measures of the corporation; let him compare this piece with the *introduction to the Political Progress of Britain*, and he will easily perceive that they are both from the same foreign hand.

“convicts, the French *sans culottes*, and the Govern-  
 “nor of the State of Pennsylvania.” Heavens de-  
 fend us! What a group! You will hardly  
 imagine reader, that our good Governor was  
 present, and bore all this as patiently as a lamb.  
 Mind me, I do not say that he was present,  
 but that I was informed so by the Philadelphia  
 Gazette. Indeed no one can believe it; it is  
 absolutely impossible that he should sit qui-  
 etly, and hear himself clubbed with convicts  
 and common stabbers, and even *assist in singing*  
*his own victories*, like Alexander the great among  
 his parasitical poets.

“Sooth’d with the sound, the — grew vain,  
 “Fought all his battles o’er again,  
 “And thrice he routed all his foes,  
 “And thrice he slew the slain.”

No, no; what must a foreigner think if he  
 were to hear it said that his *Excellency* was seen  
 boozing in a beer-house\* with a squad of ser-  
 jeants and corporals, and drinking like fury to  
 a cargo of convicts? What must a foreigner  
 think if he were to hear a governor of a State,

\* It is an honour to the French Nation, that, among all  
 their vices, the beastly one of getting drunk is not to be num-  
 bered. I wish those among us, who have the laudable ambi-  
 tion of being thought their bastards, would imitate them  
 in this respect, rather than in dancing after them round the  
 altar of liberty. They should recollect that, spewing out  
 drunken toasts is a custom purely English.

one day recommending to the legislature, in the most pressing manner, to soften the *penal code*, and the next, drinking to the criminals of other nations? Would he not naturally conclude that———but stop; the conclusion is so evident, that I will not insult the penetration of the reader by giving it a place here.

No, no; I will never believe, that our wise and good and prudent and sober Governor was ever seen in such company, Slander, shut up thy infamous jaws, I will not hear thee!

One company of these *amateurs* of convicts seemed to me extremely reasonable. “The illustrious *citizens* sent to Botany Bay,” say they; “may they *regenerate* that unhappy country.”—Let it no longer be said, that I never approve of democratic toasts (I beg their pardon, the one before us is called a *sensiment*); for I do most heartily approve of this. Perhaps there never was a society that stood more in need of regeneration. Let them in the name of goodness, have a little revolution among themselves; no harm whatever can come of it, and much good may, if they have any citizen among them ingenious enough to make a guillotine.

In case of a change of this kind, the New-Hollanders would have a considerable advan-

take over the poor French; for, being already as infamous as it is possible for the devil to make them, they will stand in no need of a national assembly to enlighten them by degrees, or of a convention to put the finishing stroke to their education. Citizen Muir and his colleagues might let the *sheep-stealing* legislation a going without any kind of ceremony. A republic, one and indivisible, and founded upon the broad basis of equality, would be more likely to acquire stability at Botany Bay than in any other State in the world; because the nimble fingers of the citizens would necessarily keep up a continual shifting of property, and so prevent that unconscionable hoarding which is the first foundation of aristocracy.

“ There *knaves*, in novel systems bold,  
 “ More fabulous than Greeks of old,  
 “ Shall civic garlands shed,  
 “ Detold of virtue, wealth or fame,  
 “ Deceit a more than Spartan name  
 “ To those who *thieves* were bred.”

“ There enterprise shall never roam,  
 “ But idleness, benumb'd at home,  
 “ Shall know nor ship nor sailor;  
 “ There all shall walk with naked breech,  
 “ And all the poor (and who'll be rich?)  
 “ Have nature for their tailor.

“ There it shall be each patriot's lot  
 “ To pay no tax for farm or cot,  
 “ But in all sorts of weather,  
 “ Like Indians wand'ring up and down,  
 “ Each night at dusk *scratch* out a town  
 “ To snore and stink together.”

Happy state? Would to heaven every democrat in the universe were there!

Disagreeable company as these convicts and their admirers are, I cannot quit them without another observation or two.

Their crime was, attempting to overturn the government of their country. This they denied (before the courts of justice), but who will believe them? *Muir* and his associates were tried and found guilty according to the ordinary forms of law; and let it be remembered too, that it was in Scotland they were found guilty, a country in which the people are more moral, more conscientious, and more scrupulous with respect to oaths, than in any other in the world. But, let us judge a little for ourselves. *Muir* was in France long after the beginning of the war\*; he was cared for by the national convention, and suffered to remain in liberty, and even to return to England, while the rest of the English, men, women, and children, were

\* Imagine, reader, if you can, what this reformer went to France for — No, you cannot. It was, dear reader, to endeavour to *persuade the Convention to spare the life of Louis XVI!* Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Compassionate soul! And who sent him, do you think? Those very fellows that wanted to see *George's* head in a basket! Oh, the tender hearted chickens! It was a pity the Convention did not pay as much attention to citizen *Muir's* softening solicitations as they did to his *person*.

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thrown into prison ; and after his condemnation, a French vessel, was stationed at sea to rescue him from the hands of justice. How came the convention to show so much anxiety about an individual of a nation which (if they should live long enough) they are determined to annihilate? Master *Rowan* also escaped to France. Why to France ; where as a friend to his country he could expect nothing but a dungeon? It appears that he was, at first, taken into custody : but, as soon as he produced his bevet of infamy (I mean his certificate from his society,) he received the fraternal hug of all the cut-throats in Paris.

If we could for a moment suppose these convicts innocent, we should place the democrats in this country in a more ridiculous situation than ever. For if they were innocent, they were yet good *royalists*, while the democrats admire them for their being true *republicans*! The stupid inconsistency of these clubs has long been notorious, but in no one instance has it appeared in a stronger light than in the present. They howl over the convicts as innocent sufferers, while they applaud them for the crime for which they have suffered.

I do not know whether there were any of the *United Irishmen*, or their *retainers*, at the last St. Patrick's feast, in this city ; but I know



those who drank to the memory of “ Brutus and  
 “ Franklin (a pretty couple), to the Society of  
 “ United Irishmen, to the French, and to their  
 “ speedy arrival in Ireland\*.” After this, I think,  
 it would be cruel to doubt of the patriotism of  
 the United Irishmen, and their attachment to  
 the British Constitution.

In these toasting times it would have been something wonderful if the fans culottes in America had neglected to celebrate the taking of Amsterdam by their brethren in France. I believe from my soul there has been more cannons fired here in the celebration of this conquest than the French fired in achieving it. I think I have counted twenty two grand civic festivals, fifty one of an inferior order, and one hundred and ninety three public dinners; at all which, I imagine, there might be nearly thirty thousand people; and, as twenty thousand of them, or thereabouts, must have been married men, it is reasonable to suppose that eighteen or nineteen thousand women with their children were at home wanting bread, while their husbands were getting drunk at a civic feast.

\* Reader you will please to observe that there were but a few persons present at this feast. I believe, that the greater part of the Irish inhabitants of this city, detest the proceedings of the United Irishmen as much as you and I do.

There is in general such a sameness in those feasts that it would be but tiring the reader to describe them; and it would, besides, be anticipating what I intend to treat more at large, as soon as my materials for the purpose are collected\*. The grand civic festival at Reading (Massachusetts,) however, deserves a particular mention, as it approaches nearer to a real French civic feast than any thing I have yet heard of in this country.

\* This work, which is to be entitled the *sans culotte's vade mecum*, is to contain an account of all the civic festivals, patriotic dinners, toasts, fraternal hugs, speeches and replies, (some in broken French and some in broken English,) tears shed when the democrats have been crying drunk, benedictions on the French and execrations on the English; together with a full and true account of the Duke of York's being sent to Paris in an iron cage; of the king of Sardinia and his two sons being put into the same prison with the Dauphin, and of the fifteen descents that the sans culottes have made in England, with the exact number of men, women, and children they have devoured each time. This valuable work is to be comprized in one quarto volume, to be decorated with an elegant frontispiece (by an American artist) representing *Le Gendre* drubbing *Leonarde Bourdon, and Co.* in the National Convention, on the 7th of March, 1795.

As the whole is to be a collection from the *Philadelphia Gazette* and the *Aurora*, I intend publishing it by subscription according to the laudable example of citizen Stephens, and I do hereby forbid all persons to publish the said work, as I have taken measures for securing the copy-right.

“ The day was ushered in by the ringing of  
 “ bells, and a salute of fifteen discharges from  
 “ a field piece. The American flag waved in  
 “ the wind and the flag of France *over the*  
 “ *British in inverted order*\*. At noon a large  
 number of “ *respectable* citizens assembled at ci-  
 “ tizen Rayner’s, and partook of an elegant  
 “ entertainment—after dinner Capt. Emerson’s  
 “ military company in uniform, assembled, and  
 “ escorted the citizens to the (grog-shop, I  
 “ suppose, you think?) to the *meeting house*!!  
 “ where an address, pertinent to the occasion,  
 “ was delivered by the *Reverend Citizen Prentiss*,  
 “ and united prayers and praises were offered to  
 “ God, and several hymns and anthems were  
 “ well sung; after which they returned in pro-  
 “ cession to citizen Rayner’s, when three far-  
 “ mers with their frocks and utensils, and with  
 “ a tree on their shoulders, were escorted by  
 “ the military company, formed in a hollow  
 “ square, to the common, where the tree was  
 “ planted in form, as an emblem of freedom,  
 “ and the *Marsellois* hymn was sung by a choir  
 “ within a circle round the tree. Major Bond-  
 “ man (you know what sort of captains and  
 “ majors these are, reader?) by request, su-  
 “ perintended the business of the day, and di-  
 “ rected the manœuvres.”

\* And yet, those unreasonable dogs, the English, pre-  
 tend that our neutrality is not sincere.

These *manœuvres* were very curious to be sure, particularly that of the *Reverend Citizen Prentiss*, putting up a long snuffing prayer for the successes of the French atheists! A pretty minister truly! There was nothing wanted to complete this feast but to burn the bible, and massacre the honest inhabitants of the town. And are these the children of those men who fled from their native country to a desert, rather than deviate from what they conceived to be the true principles of the gospel? Are they such men as *Prentiss* to whom the people of Massachusetts commit the education of their children and the care of their own souls? God forgive me if I go too far, but I think I would sooner commit my soul to the care of the devil.

Nor was the *Reverend Citizen Prentiss* the only one who took upon him to mock heaven with thanksgiving for the success of the French sans culottes. From Boston they write: "It was highly pleasing to *republicans* to hear some of our clergy yesterday returning thanks to the Supreme Being for the successes of the good *Sans Culottes*."—Yes, reader, some of the clergy of Boston put up thanksgivings for what they imagined to be the success of a set of impious wretches, who have in the most solemn manner abolished the religion these very clergymen *profess*, who have declared

christianity to be a farce, and its founder an infamous impostor, and who have represented the doctrine of the immortality of the soul as a mere cheat, contrived by artful priests to enslave mankind. There is but too much reason to fear that many of those whose duty it is to stand on the watch tower, whose duty it is to resist this pernicious doctrine, are among the first to espouse it; but the clergymen of Boston remember,

“ That those whose imp'ous hands are join'd  
 “ From Heav'n the thunderbolt to wrest,  
 “ Shall, when their crimes are finished, find,  
 “ That *death is not eternal rest.*”

But, they tell us, that it is because the French are true republicans, that we ought to applaud them. What a sarcasm on republicanism! As if fire and sword, prisons and scaffolds, the destruction of cities, the abolition of all religious worship, the inculcation of a doctrine which leads to every crime, stifles remorse, and prevents a return to justice and humanity, were the characteristics of a true republic. If it be so, we ought to blush to call ourselves republicans.

Those profound statesmen who, for our sins, conduct the newspapers of this country,\* swore By all that was good, that as soon as

\* Those who are not meant here, know that they are not meant, and therefore no apology is necessary.

Amsterdam was taken, Great Britain would become a prey to the Carmagnoles.—Is it so?—no, not just yet; but it will be so very soon, now; for a “*bridge of boats*” is getting ready to carry them over. Have patience only a few weeks longer, and there will be no such place as England in the world. My good countrymen, be no longer the sport of those sons of ink. They lie, good folks; upon my soul they tell you lies. I foretold, long enough ago, that the English would rejoice at the overrunning of Holland, and if they do not rejoice at it, their benevolent compassion for the Dutch must have got the better of their interest; for, if there ever was an event that tended to the aggrandisement of Great Britain, to concentrate in her the commerce and riches of all Europe, it certainly is this. There has been a sort of division in the business; the French have got the *Dutchmen*, and the English have got their *money*; and I believe few sensible people will hesitate to allow that the latter is the best half.

When people blame our civic-feast-citizens for rejoicing on account of the triumphs of France over Spain and Holland, and recall to their minds that these two nations were among our best friends last war, they should recollect that these our impartial and neutral citizens, do not wish ill to Spain and Holland except as it may tend to injure Great Britain, and that

they would perhaps be as much against the French as they are for them, if they were at war with any other power. Their wishes, however, as is frequently the case among mortals, when accomplished, tend not to the object they have in view. What is it to Englishmen whether the Dutch sniggarsnee the French, or the French guillotine the Dutch; whether the Spaniards poignard, or are poignarded. What is it to Englishmen whether their enemies perish on the scaffold, or in the field, or whether they die with hunger? "Vengeance!" cry they, "vengeance on our foes! whether at Paris, Madrid, or Amsterdam!" And, indeed, such is the situation of things at present, that were it not well known that our revolution was the finest thing that ever happened for mankind in general; were it not well known that the brave and generous nations that assisted us, were actuated by the purest and most disinterested motives, one would be almost tempted to fear that heaven had yielded to the vindictive prayer of the English. I do not pretend to say that vengeance is as sweet to our *ci-devant* King as it is to some of us; but, if it be, what a luxury must it be to him to see the family of Bourbon ruined, root and branch, despised, spit upon, and trodden underfoot? To see the baffled French nobi-

lity, fallen a sacrifice to the *mania reformatio* that they caught during the American war, wandering like vagabonds, or pining in dungeons? to see them receiving alms from his own subjects, or, which is still worse, to see them, the very men who served with so much honour under the American flag, the very men who led forth his army captive from York Town, to see them (oh! liberty well mayest thou hide thy pretty face) to see them—— cringing to his secretaries, and requesting the *honour* of serving under the royal standard of Great Britain! And what a more than luxury must it be to him to see Mynheer Van Strink the Stadtholder throwing himself and his children upon his generosity; asking bread to eat, and a hole to thrust his head into? I do not pretend to say, I repeat it, that the king of England is as revengeful as some of us; neither do I pretend that he has the same right to be so; for there are certain privileges that are the birthright of the sons of liberty and equality, and which can never be extended to despots and their satellites; but, I will venture to say, that, if some among us (mind, I do not say *all*) were in his place at this moment, they would think themselves the happiest creatures in the world.

There is something unaccountable to me in the reports concerning the taking of Hol-



land. It is a conquest, and yet the poor Dutch, are made *free and independent* by it. The people every where received the French with *open arms*, and yet these latter have shown infinite *bravery*, and gained everlasting *glory* by the victory. Before the French entered Holland, the people were *starving*, but as soon as the French arrived, the granaries became full of corn, which was to be sent off immediately, to feed the gaunt *sans-culottes* in France, and *so* spread plenty over Holland. The Dutch fleet is, in one page of our newspapers, added to the French navy, to fight Lord Howe in the channel, and in another, it is drawn up in line of battle, by itself, to fight a squadron in the North Sea. How can this be, you bare-a—d politicians? How can all this be, I say?

Yes, the Dutch are free, to be sure; and as happy as the days are long. The *sans-culotte* general does not command the *soi-disant*\* states general; he *invites* them only. My reader will recollect, though, that the citizens of France were invited to give up all their gold and silver. “Invitations from superiors,” says Fielding, favour very strongly of “commands.” So Master Pichegru, with a hord of a hundred and fifty thousand bar-

\* It is not amiss to introduce a word or two of this sort now and then: it is a beginning to the abolition of the English language.

barians at his heels, *invites* the regenerated Dutch assembly to give him a “ few millions;” to require the inhabitants to make but “ *frugal meals;*” to take “ a few assignats in place of money;” or he *invites* them to— France and the guillotine. There is an infinite resemblance between the conduct of Pichegru and that of Totila, king of the Goths. When this last entered Naples, he placed a guard over the inhabitants to prevent them from over-eating themselves, while he crammed his hord for another expedition. in some respects the ancient was far less terrible than the modern barbarian; he never put to death a single priest, never robbed a church, nor was guilty of any kind of sacrilege. It is even said that, when he came to the convent of St. Benedict, he heard the old man with patience, and from that time forward became more humane. How amiable do the Goths appear, when compared to the modern French!

Some of the democratic tribe have cried aloud against me, for speaking of the Dutch and French undr the names of *Nick Frog* and the *Baboon*! but let them remember, that while they talk about *John Bull*, I must, and will be permitted to keep up the allegory,\*

\* The reader has seen the allegory I allude to, in Swift's works.

particularly at a time when it is become more strikingly a-propos than ever. “*Jupiter*,” says the fable, “sent the frogs a log of wood\* to reign over them; but a bull being let loose in the pasture, and having trod the guts of a few of them out, they set up a terrible out cry against the stupidity and negligence of king log. *Jupiter*, tired at last with their everlasting croakings, and determined to punish them for their ingratitude to his anointed log, sent them a huge Baboon that gobbled them up by hundreds at a meal.”

Patriot Paine, the heathen philosopher, has observed, that republics never marry.† There is more humour than truth in this observation; for, though one would imagine, that the name of *sister* that they give to each other, would be an insuperable bar to such an union, yet experience proves the contrary; for the French republic does not only marry, but is guilty of polygamy. She has already espoused the republic of Batavia (commonly called Holland,) and the poor little Geneva, and she is

\* The Stadtholder is well represented as a log.

† I must not leave the heathen in possession of this remark; he stole it from *Sterne*, and he stole it from *Madame de Pompadour*, and she stole it, perhaps, from Louis XV.

## P

now swaggering about like a Jack Wh—re\* with a couple of under punks at her heels. She wanted to make love to the cheek of John Bull; but John, beast as he is, had too much grace to be seduced by her. “No, said John, “you heathenish cannibal, I will not touch you; “you reek with blood; get from my sight “you stabbing strumpet! John was half right; for she is indeed a cruel spouse; something like the brazen image, formerly made use of in Hungary, that cracked the bones, and squeezed out the blood and guts of those who were condemned to its embraces.

\* Let any man read the *revelations*, and see if France is not the real whore of Babylon.

“I saw a woman sit upon a beast (the convention,) full of names of blasphemy.—She had a cup in her hand full of abominations.—She was drunk with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.—Her judgment shall come in an hour; her merchandise, her gold, silver, precious stones, wood, wine, oil, and fine flour, wheat, beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots and slaves.—All things which are dainty and goodly shall depart from her.—The merchants shall cry, alas! that great city that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and decked with gold, is come to nought.—And no craftsmen, of whatsoever craft, shall be found any more in her, and the found of a mill-stone shall be heard no more in her; and the light of a candle shall shine no more in her; and the voice of the bridegroom and bride shall be heard no more in her.—And the ship-master, and all the company in ships shall stand aloof.”

Let no one, then, pretend that Rome is pointed out by the scarlet whore; it is France scarlet with blood.

How happy were we in escaping a marriage with a termigant like this! we were, indeed within an inch of it. Briffot and his crew sent out one of their citizens (who had been employed with so much success in negotiating the marriage with Geneva,\*) to marry us by proxy, and the democrats were beginning to sing, "come haste to the wedding;" when the President, who had not burnt his bible, saw that the laws of consanguinity did not allow of a marriage between two sisters, and therefore like a good old father of his country, he peremptorily forbade the bands. Heavens bless him for it! if he had not done this, we might long ago have seen the *citizen* inviting the Congress, as Pichegru does the Dutch assembly, to send him five hundred oxen for breakfast.—He had already began to scamper about our streets with his fans culotte dragoons (among whom, be it remembered, some of our democrats were base enough to enroll themselves,) and he would, by this time, perhaps, have ordered us, and not without reason, to call Philadelphia, *commune affranchie*.

The Convention, finding that we were not to be won by this boorish kind of courtship,

\* *Citizen Genet* was a principal actor in bringing about the revolution at Geneva. See the History of that revolution, published lately by J. Fenno, at Philadelphia.

began to send us billets-doux to sooth us into compliance. Among these, that which *invites* us to change our weights and measures is remarkable enough to merit a particular notice. A citizen somebody had been sent to measure the terrestrial arc contained between *Dunkirk* and *Barcelona*, from which operation it appeared that *we* ought (at the invitation of the *French*) to divide our *pound* into *ten ounces* our *gallon* into *ten quarts*, our *day* into *ten hours*, our *quadrant* into *a hundred degrees*, &c. &c. &c. just like *Hudibras*,

“ For he by geometric scale  
 “ Could take the size of pots of ale,  
 “ And tell by sines and tangents strait,  
 “ If bread and butter wanted weight.”

This communication was a sort of a present by way of breaking the ice; artful gallants begin with trifles; a handkerchief, a ring, any bauble marked with the lover's name, paves the way in affairs of love. If we had set about making the alterations, which we were invited to make, we should, undoubtedly, have been invited to divide our year according to the decadery calender, abolish christianity, and punish with death those who should have dared to worship “*the ci-devant God*,” I almost wonder that these generous enlighteners of the world, these generous encouragers of the arts and sciences, had

not sent us, along with the models of weights and measures, models of their *lantern-posts*, and *guillotines*. They talk about their *nautical discoveries*, why had they not sent us then a model of their *drowning boats*, by which fifty women and children were sent to the bottom at a time? They might also have obliged us with an essay on the method of making bread, without taking the bran out of the flour; and how well pleased must the Congress have been with a treatise on legislative boxing!\* But, as the French have all the honour of these discoveries, so, I suppose, they mean to have all the profit too, and God punish the villain that would wish to rob them of it, I say.

The Convention, in this communication, resemble *Jack* in the *Tale of a Tub*; “Flay, pull, “tear all off,” say they, “let not a single “stitch of the livery of that d——d rogue “John Bull, remain.” The Congress, however have thought proper to imitate the phlegmatic good nature of Brother Martin. “Steady, boys, steady,” said they one to another; “those fellows, there, are got keel uppermost; “and they want to see us in the same plight.” —I would have given a trifle to have had a view of the Senators when they received this *ten-ounces-to-the-pound* proposal; the gravity

\* See Dunlap's gazette of 8th May, 1795, for an account of a bruizing match in the National Convention.

of a senator surpasses what I conceive of it, if they did not run a risk of bursting their sides. The notice they have taken of it, will, I hope, prevent like *invitations* for the future; and convince the French, that our Congress is not an assembly.

“ Where *quicks* and *quirks*, in dull debates,  
 “ Dispute on *maximums* and *weights*,  
 “ And cut the land in *squares* ;  
 “ Making king mob gulp down the cheat,  
 “ And, singling for *themselves* the wheat,  
 “ Leave for the *herd* the tares.”

I do not know whether the French are irritated at our *sang froid* or at our consulting our interests with other nations, or how it is, but certainly they begin to show their good will to us in a very odd manner. Their depredations on our commerce have already surpassed those of the English. One captain writes: “ I have  
 “ been *robbed by them*; they have *broken open my*  
 “ *trunks, and took my all.*” Another says;  
 “ they have called me a *darned Anglo-ameri-*  
 “ *can, beat me, and thrown me into prison.*”  
 “ Another says:” They have kept me here  
 “ these four months; they do what they please  
 “ with my cargo; and *the Lord knows what*  
 “ *will become of me.*” Another petitions the  
 fans-culottes General, and concludes with  
 “ your petitioner shall ever *pray!*”—And is  
 this all? Do they now talk of these things



with the humility of slaves? No execrations! Have they emptied their gills on the English? Is there not one curse, one poor spiteful curse, left for the fans-culottes? Ye Gods! how men are sometimes ice and sometimes fire! When the English took our vessels, what *patriot* bosom did not burn with rage? There was nothing talked of but vengeance, war, and confiscation. Where is now all this "republican ardour," where are all those young men who "burnt for an opportunity to defend the liberty, rights, and property of their country?" Where are all those courageous *captains*, who entered into an association to oblige the government to declare war? Are they dead? do they sleep? or are they gone with their chief *Barney* to fight, like Swisses, for the French Convention? Last year about this time, nothing was to be heard but their malicious left handed complaints; a rough word or wry look was thought sufficient to rouse the whole Union to revenge the insults they received on the high seas. They now seem as insensible to every insult as the images at the head of their vessels; submit to their fate with christian resignation; with "Lord have mercy upon us," and, "your petitioners will ever pray!"

If any one wants to be convinced that the democratic outcry about the British depredations was intended only to plunge us into war and misery, let him look at their conduct at

the present moment. An envoy extraordinary was sent to England to demand restitution, which has not only been granted, but a long-wished-for commercial treaty has also been negociated. One would think this would satisfy all parties; one would think that this would even shut the mouths of the democrats; but, no; this is all wrong, and they are beginning to tear the treaty to pieces, before they know any thing about it; they have condemned the whole before they know any single article of it. They were eternally abusing Mr. Pitt, because he kept aloof in the business, and, now he has complied, they say that no such thing should ever have been thought of. "What," say they, "make a treaty with Great Britain?"—And why not, wiseacres? Who would you make a treaty with, but those with whom you trade? You are afraid of giving umbrage to France, eh? Is this language worthy an *independent* nation? What is France to us, that our destiny is to be linked to hers? that we are not to thrive because she is a bankrupt? she has no articles of utility to sell us, nor will she have wherewith to pay us for what she buys. Great Britain, on the contrary, is a ready-money customer; what she furnishes us is, in general, of the first necessity, for which she gives us, besides, a long credit; hundreds and thousands of fortunes are made in this country upon the bare credit given by the merchants of Great Britain.

Think not, reader, whatever advantages we are about to derive from the treaty with Great Britain, that I wish to see such a marked partiality shown for that nation, as has hitherto appeared for the French; such meannesses may be overlooked in those despicable states that are content to roll as the satellites of others, in a *Batavia* or a *Geneva*. but in us it never can.—No; let us forget that it is owing to Great Britain that this country is not now an uninhabited desert; that the land we possess was purchased from the aborigines with the money of an Englishman; that his hands traced the streets on which we walk. Let us forget from whom we are descended, and persuade our children that we are the sons of the Gods, or the accidental offspring of the elements; let us forget the scalping knives of the French, to which we were thirty years exposed; but let us never forget, that we are *not* Frenchmen. Let us never forget that *Independence* is our motto; that we have not shaken off the yoke of *one sovereign* to put on that of *seven hundred tyrants*; that the instant a nation, whatever may be its internal laws and constitution, submits to the tutelage of another, every individual belonging to it is a slave.

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*BOWLES'S FRENCH AGGRESSION, p. 115.*

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D H









